

THE NEW IDEA

MARCH 31. 1939

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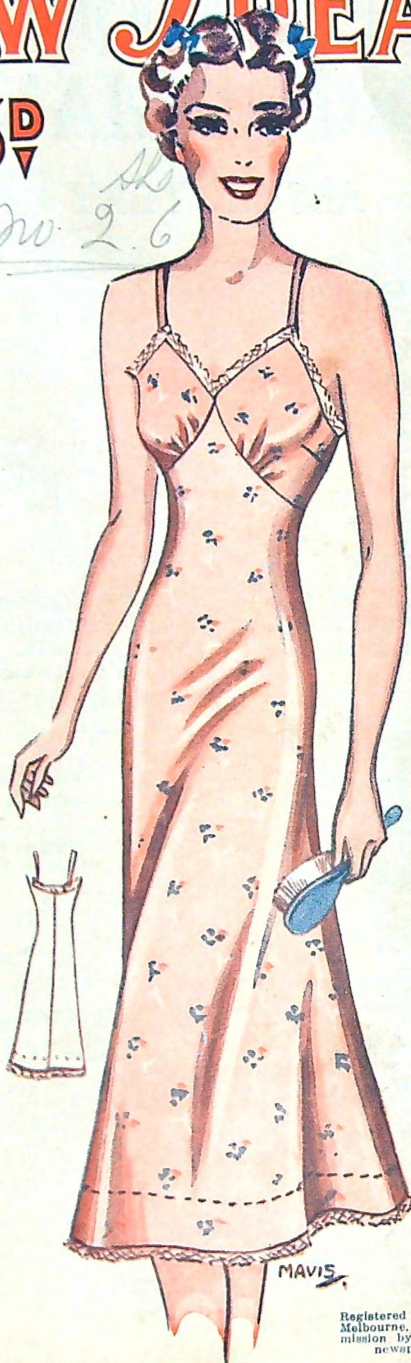


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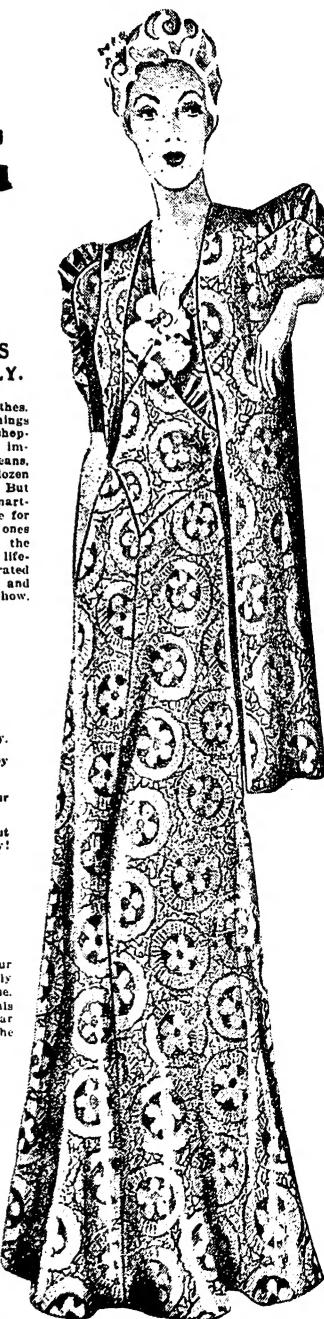
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THE NEW IDEA

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER FOR AUSTRALIAN WOMEN



Printed and Published by Fitchett Brothers Pty. Ltd., Stanley Street, West Melbourne, C.3, Victoria.

T. K. FITCHETT—EDITOR.

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor invites readers to help conduct their own paper by submitting articles and paragraphs for publication.

ARTICLES.—From 800 to 1,200 words on any subject of interest to Australasian women. State number of words when submitting.

Contributions to Departments.

For "Let's Talk It Over" and "Query Club" (see notices printed at top of each department).

Conditions.

All contributions offered must be typed or written in ink on one side of the paper only, and must bear the full name and address of the contributor.

Articles will be returned if accompanied by postage stamps, but on no condition will contributions to departments be returned. Personal application for the return of MS. must not be made. If MS. is required to be returned, enclose stamps for that purpose. All MSS. received without stamps for return will be destroyed—if rejected. No responsibility for the

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Manuscripts received (contributions to departments are not acknowledged): R. D. N. Marrickville, N.S.W.; "Francis Wilken"; "Berrill Francis"; E. M. Kerang, Vic.; "Joan"; G. J. Lawson, N.S.W.; O. M. A. St. Kilda, Vic.; "Ruby Carroll"; J. T. R. Crow's Nest, N.S.W.; R. W. Eastwood, N.S.W.; E. L. R. Auckland, N.Z.; E. A. D. New Jersey, U.S.A.; F. H. W. Emerald, Vic.; D. E. M. Newport, Vic.; "Frances"; G. P. Auckland, N.Z.; M. K. M. Manly, N.S.W.; M. B. Maroubra, N.S.W.; L. F. R. Chichester, England; A. M. L. Nedlands Park, W.A.

Buy "THE NEW IDEA" for
APRIL 6 and read:

"PRESENT FOR MOTHER."
A Good Story by Dudley Hoys.

THE "KING OVER THE
WATER."

Also in this Issue will be several
of the latest Knitting
Designs.

BLUE MOUNTAIN MENACE.

*A Tale of Romance and
Adventure in the Early
Days of New South
Wales.*

BY RICHARD C.
BLAKE.



SALLY McKEE walked once more to the doorway and stared down the road to where the new stone bridge spanned the River Lett. A bend in the road blocked her view of the rest of the highway that led down from the brilliant, flaming cliffs of the Blue Mountains.

Though she would have been the last in the world to admit it, even to herself, the appearance of Ted Cutler, who so often called at the wattle and daub cottage, just at supper time, would have made her pulse beat faster.

She was turning to leave the doorway when a movement near the bridge attracted her attention. For a moment she thought it was Cutler and then, when she saw she was mistaken, she returned dispiritedly to her work.

The mounted man on the highway rode slowly up the slope and dismounted at the door. He dropped the reins over the horse's head and tramped heavily on to the doorstep. Sally met him at the doorway. Her welcome was frigid.

"You're growing up, sweetheart," grunted the visitor, his small, beady eyes sweeping the girl's slender form with greedy intentness.

Sally ignored his comment. "Do you want my uncle, Mr. Reichers?"

Reichers' grin showed a row of broken, yellow teeth. "Who'd want your uncle while you're here, Sally?"

Sally's little red lips tightened ominously, but the sight of a red-bearded, middle-aged man coming through the newly-planted orchard checked her hot retort.

Reichers greeted the newcomer. "How are you, Mr. McKee? Crops comin' along all right?"

McKee nodded casually. "Not so bad. Want rain, though." He turned to Sally. "Supper ready, Sally?" and in response to her nod: "You'd better stay to supper, Reichers."

While the men washed at the side of the well Sally rapidly set the table. Her face was wistful and her eyes



He caught her gently by the shoulder. "Sally, I'll never forget you for this. I—"

constantly turned towards the doorway.

The two men, as they sat at the table, discussed the general topics of the day—the astounding growth of the Hartley village since the road had crossed the mountains—the prospects of the newly commenced apple industry. Sally listened indifferently. Only one thing was McKee careful to avoid and that was the position in the community of the assigned servants. On this question Reichers was known to be touchy, for up to the year previous he had been an assigned man.

"Did you hear that the soldiers got the man who held up the coach?" asked Reichers, with his mouth full.

McKee looked up suddenly, his face hard. "Ah, they did. Did they? Good! Someone who slipped the chain-gang, eh?"

Reichers laughed brutally and waved a gnarled hand in contempt. He looked across at Sally. "Chain gang, nothing. It's about time that the upright citizens of Hartley realised that there are as many criminals amongst themselves as amongst the convicts."

McKee half rose in his chair with a muttered imprecation, only to reseat himself at a glance from Sally.

"You'll laugh when you know," continued Reichers. "You wouldn't have thought it possible, although—"

"All right," snapped McKee and there was an angry glint in his eye. "Who was it?"

Reichers paused for a moment and sucked his breath in through his teeth. "They got Cutler."

Sally rose to her feet, her white hands clutched at her whiter throat and her voice came in a hoarse whisper: "Not—not Ted Cutler?"

Her uncle glanced curiously at her. Reichers grinned evilly: "Yes. Ted Cutler."

"I—I don't believe it." "Can't help that, sweet—" he glanced over at McKee. "Can't help whether you believe it or not, but he's in the cells at Hartley Court House, anyhow."

Sally's breath came quickly and her cheeks flushed. Her little hands were tightly clenched. "There's some mistake. It—it couldn't be true—it couldn't. I'm sure he—"

Her uncle interrupted her. "Wait a moment, Sally. They wouldn't have taken him without some proof." He turned slowly to Reichers and stared hard. "What made them arrest Cutler, Reichers?"

Reichers grunted. "Found the slit mail-bags in a hollow log just outside his house and they found his sack behind some sacks in his stable."

McKee frowned. "Sounds bad, eh? Did they get the money?"

Reichers shook his head. "No. Cutler'd be too clever for that."

"Funny he wasn't clever enough to hide the other evidence," McKee said slowly, his eyes narrowing.

"He—he didn't do it," Sally broke in haltingly.

"Looks as if he'll swing for it, anyhow," grunted Reichers with a brutal chuckle. "I heard his wife gave him away."

Sally gasped. "His—his wife!" She rose from the table on trembling legs and walked slowly to her room. Once inside she flung herself down on the bed and her shoulders heaved convulsively.

In the outer room she could hear the dull, monotonous murmur of the men's voices. How long they talked she knew not, but it was dark before she heard the sound of hoofs as Reichers rode away.

Her uncle came to the door and called softly. She let him call twice before she answered. "Please, uncle. I don't want to talk to-night."

For a moment there was silence and then a gruff, "Good-night, lass."

Sally waited for a while to the sound of his move-

ments. Then she opened the door cautiously and listened again. Reassured by the sound of his heavy breathing she tiptoed across the room and took a pistol from its hook on the wall. Then she took out a sheet of notepaper and wrote rapidly. Once more she listened intently and then she walked out into the night.

ON a hard wooden bunk in the corner of the stone-flagged cell at the back of the court-house, a young man, in his middle twenties, tossed and turned. The moon, which was just rising over the ranges, shed an eerie, white light in through the small iron-barred window. Suddenly he lay still as a shower of gravel scattered into the cell. He sprang from the bunk and watched the window. Another shower of gravel came in through the iron bars. He coughed loudly.

There was silence for a moment and then a heavy object clanged against the bars and dropped inside. He snatched it up eagerly and his fingers caressed the barrel of a pistol. Tied to the butt he found a note.

"Dear Mr. Cutler," it ran. "I hope this pistol will help you. There's a saddled horse tied up at the back of Vane's orchard; I will wait for you."

Cutler smiled grimly and then examined the letter again. What friend of his would be fool enough to help him? What man would run the risk of going to the chain-gang to sweat and toil on the mountain roads, to walk, perhaps for years in chains—to be driven like an animal, to die at last like the poor devil, who, only the

week before, had flung himself, in full view of both soldiers and convicts, from the topmost peak of the pass to the floor of the valley far below.

Still there was time enough later to discover who his friend was. In the meantime he had other work to do. He walked to the door and hammered lustily. He was rewarded by the tramp of feet in the corridor.

"What's going on in there?" demanded a harsh voice.

"Do you want a man to die of thirst?" snapped Cutler.

The sergeant held up the lantern and peered through the bars. "You won't die of thirst, man." He chuckled as though at some grim joke. "You'll die from standing with your toes six feet off the ground."

"Well, I'd like to wet my whistle in the meantime," Cutler grinned back.

"All right then, pass your jug out."

He placed his gun against the wall while he reached for the jug. As his hand reached the bar Cutler sprang, his lean fingers closed over the sergeant's wrists, while with his other hand he pointed the pistol straight into his gaoler's face.

"Quiet now, or you'll die with the top of your head six inches away from your body."

The gaoler's face was as white as the pipe-clayed cross-belts on his scarlet tunic. "You—you can't get away," he grunted.

"I can't—can't I? Pass me those keys—pass them, I say," Cutler was snarling—his eyes were hard and glittering.

The sergeant shook his head sullenly.

Cutler pulled hard on his wrist and pushed the pistol forward until the muzzle touched the soldier's face. "Give—me—those—keys. I'll count three. One—two—"

The sergeant capitulated suddenly. His free hand snatched at the keys.

"Wait a moment," Cutler stopped him, "you open the door."

Sullenly the sergeant slipped the keys in the lock and turned them. The door opened stiffly.

A wave of exultation swept over the prisoner. "Come in, sergeant. You're very welcome to my humble abode. I'm afraid though that you'll have to wait here for some time."

The sergeant came in reluctantly while Cutler, walking into the passage, swung the door to behind him. He raced down the passage-way and ran to the scrub. From the cell came loud, violent shouts, but the village was used to drunken soldiers call-

(Continued on page 54.)



"MOTHER WAITS."

The above picture, taken by Arthur Sasse, won first prize in the pictorial class of the Press Photographers' Association of New York. Sasse used his own mother for his subject, depicting her as she has often waited for him to return from an assignment. The title of the picture is "Mother Waits."



DUDLEY WOOD

When Betty Came Back

Harriet's Whole Life had been Devoted to the Care of Her Dead Sister's Child, and when Betty Went Away Life Seemed Empty, Indeed. Then Love Itself Came Along and She was Happy till Her Niece Returned Home!

BY LILIAN CHISHOLM

their marriage, was a priceless jewel set on the crown of their love.

And certainly, if fate had troubled to ask them, they might have chosen the death that they met a few years later—both taken together in one short stroke, journeying together on one of those light-hearted holidays that they were so fond of taking.

Betty was left—a small, dreamy-eyed child of five. There were relations ready to have her—so many that there was quite a heated discussion among them.

And then Harriet had walked in quietly, serenely.

"The child will come and live with me," she said simply, "if she is willing."

They had regarded each other across the room—the grave-eyed young woman and the small, elfish child. Then the child had smiled and held out her hand.

"I'll come with you," she said. "I like you."

Harriet and Betty lived together in Harriet's little cottage, going, how and again, to lay flowers on the grave that held their dearest ones.

Harriet worked hard to keep Betty in comfort and security. Often the light glowed from her cottage window late into the night, as she stitched at the clothes she made for the villagers. Betty must be educated, given a better chance than Harriet had had in this 'inv. quiet village.

When Betty was seventeen—young, lovely, with a promise of great beauty in her dark eyes—her Aunt Julie in London wrote to Harriet inviting Betty to stay with her for six months before starting whatever work she proposed to take up.

"Has life been so easy for you, that you take it so calmly?" he asked thoughtfully one day. "Either that, or you have been badly hurt. Which is it?"



OST of the villagers said Harriet was mad to take little Betty.

"As if she hadn't been through enough already," they said, "without taking that child as well!" Because, of course, everyone knew about Harriet's love affair, some six years ago. Not one of them but remembered the fair-haired stranger who had come to the village and changed the solemn-eyed Harriet into a dewy-eyed young girl with dreams in her heart. Not one of them, either, had forgotten the sudden home-coming of Harriet's younger sister, Christine.

It had been so obvious, right from the first. Harriet, beside Christine's fragrant beauty and dazzling youth, seemed to fade back into the quiet

shell from which she had so recently emerged.

They didn't know, of course, of the night when Christine had crept into Harriet's room, her glorious eyes like stars, her lips tremulous with happiness.

"He loves me, Harriet," she had whispered eagerly, "and we are to be married."

And her elder sister had carefully locked all her dreams away in the secret places of her heart, and nodded her head.

"Of course," she said quietly. "Of course."

Christine's love affair was something like a fairy-tale. Both so young and happy, so gay and loving. There were some who prophesied unhappiness for the care-free, young couple, but no unhappiness came to them. Their married life was brief but ecstatic. Little Betty, born a year after

To Harriet it was like tearing the heart out of her body to send Betty away, but she knew that the girl would have a better chance of meeting people and seeing another side of life in London from that of their quiet village. So she accepted on Betty's behalf.

"But why send me away, darling?" the girl questioned on her last night, "I don't want any other life but this, and I want to stay with you, always!"

The words were warm to Harriet's heart, recompense in plenty for all the years she had toiled and worked for the child, but she persuaded her that it was all for the best.

IT was very lonely in the cottage when Betty had gone, so lonely that sometimes Harriet would sit for an hour at a time, gazing blankly out of the window, watching the traffic travelling through the little village, out on to the great road leading northwards—scarcely noticing the little hamlets as they flashed past. She had been sitting there one afternoon, dreaming, when the accident happened. Just a whirl, a shriek of brakes, a shuddering, awful crash, and then—silence.

It was into Harriet's cottage that they brought the still, apparently lifeless body of John Brixton, and on Harriet's bed that they laid him, where the doctor worked over him for close on two hours, before standing back and meeting Harriet's anxious eyes.

"He'll do in time," he said briefly, watching her keenly. "The point is, he can't be moved. How about a nurse?"

Harriet's heart, mother-hungry and lonely, beat quickly. She drew herself upright and smiled quietly.

"I'll manage," she said in her firm, brief fashion, and the doctor snapped his bag together, satisfied. He could rely on Miss Harriet, he knew.

She did manage. Late into the night. Sometimes until a flickering dawn sent it out, a lamp burned steadily in the little room where John Brixton lay. Silhouetted against the blind was always Harriet's patient figure, still, unmoving, except when the figure in the bed called for something in a fretful voice.

All the pent-up love in Harriet's starved heart poured out upon the man who depended on her, and long before he was pronounced out of danger she knew that a long-cherished ideal in her heart had faded, to allow John Brixton to creep in instead.

Harriet had no thought of John Brixton ever loving her. Why should he? A stranger, coming out of the blue—tall, strong, fine—a man who must have

known many women in his time—why should he fall in love with a rather dowdy, middle-aged woman who had only done what any decent-minded woman would have done, nursed him through sickness?

He watched her for a long time, without speaking when the mists of fever cleared from his brain. Still her quiet movements, her watchful face, her calm, efficient hands, and marvelled. He had been so tired, so weary of the ceaseless whirl and excitement of his busy life, with its business worries, that this little cottage seemed like some miraculous haven.

They talked, as he grew better and was able to sit up. He found a delight in her calm, common-sense attitude towards life, her unshakable faith in the inevitable goodness of things.

"Has life been so easy for you, that you take it so calmly?" he asked thoughtfully one day. "Either that, or you have been badly hurt. Which is it?"

She smiled at him, wondering why all these years she had carried grief in her heart over that brief, boy-and-girl affair of so many years before. She had been in love with love then, but now she knew a more calm, undemanding love, a love that is content to wait, to be unselfish.

"Maybe I only thought myself hurt," she said gently. "So many hurts are only imaginary, aren't they? But you should not be talking so much. The doctor said—"

John ran an impatient hand through his thick, crisp hair.

"I'm well now," he said eagerly. "I want to talk to you—to know you! Do you realise I've been in this house close on two months, and I scarcely know a thing about you, Harriet?"



A WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

For five months Lola Mae Smith has suffered while doctors rebuilt her scalded and mutilated body. A gallon of boiling tar exploded as she stood beside it, leaving her almost hopelessly disfigured. After numerous grafting operations the 13-year-old girl has had her face remade, and has not even a scar to show for her accident. Doctors believe that within a year she will walk again.

She flushed at the unexpected sound of her name on his lips.

"There isn't much to know," she answered slowly. "I am just what you see—a woman living quietly in a country village, content with her little cottage, her flowers, and — and her work."

He looked at her quietly.

"And you want nothing more of life than that, Harriet," he asked, and she felt a quick throbbing in her throat, the flush burning on her cheeks. She did not pretend to misunderstand his meaning.

Not daring to face her happiness yet, she turned and began to prepare his supper.

Life was good, she told herself that night, as she undressed. Life had known best, after all, had stopped her from the light, airy-fairy romance that she had wanted, saved her for this great, this beautiful love.

She wondered, a little anxiously, about Betty. What would the child say when she came back and found another had entered their lives? Would she resent John? Would she hate sharing Harriet with him?

But her happiness was too great to allow any doubts. On a flood of happiness she slept, as quietly and dreamlessly as a child.

IN the morning, Harriet sang as she worked about the house, looking now and again at John Brixton, warmly wrapped up in a chair in the garden. Soon he would be well enough to go—but when he went he would take her with him! She was no child—she knew, only too well, what his eyes had tried to tell her last night. He loved her—soon he would ask her to marry him, and she would never know loneliness or heartache again.

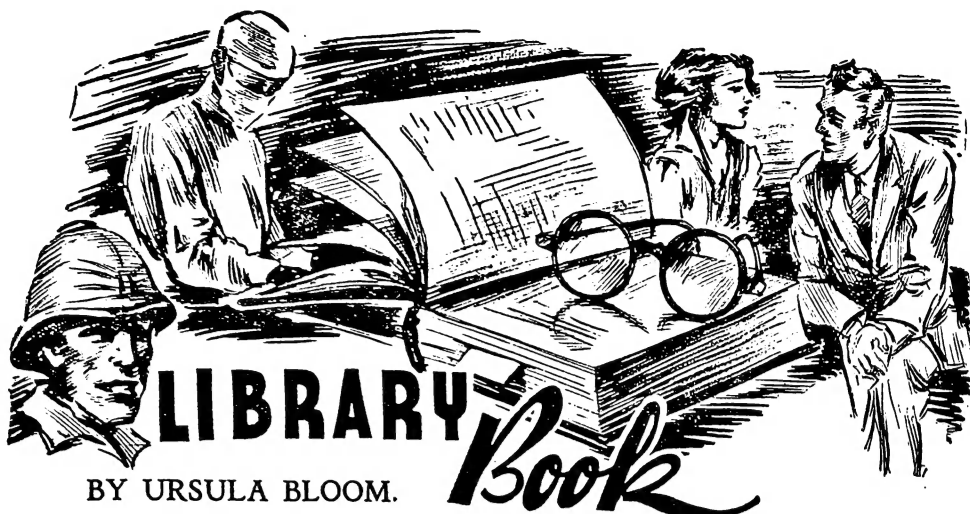
Then, going to the window between mixing her scones and slipping them into the oven, Harriet saw the gate open and Betty coming inside. She watched as the girl turned inquiring eyes in John's direction—saw him raise his eyes, startled, and look at the young girl by the gate.

Something that Harriet had thought dead, died again in her heart at that moment. John's eyes, that had dwelt so lovingly upon her last night* were watching Betty—watching as if they were fixed upon some vision.

The spell lasted only a second, but to Harriet she lived a life-time through before Betty flushed and moved forward.

Harriet forced herself to go out into the sunshine, to take the sweet young figure in her arms.

(Continued on page 58.)



of its pages and left real and vivid impressions behind them. From house to house the library book went. It left behind it impressions; it changed the lives of those who read it.

Clare had got it "to pass the time." She did not think that it would be much of a book, because she was in no mood for romance. She hadn't found life as good as all that. Clare had been up for the season. Coronation season, the greatest thrill any girl could have. She was nineteen; she had golden hair, helped to that particular corn colour by judicious white henna. She had grey eyes and a red mouth inclined to set hard. Well, and hadn't the season driven her hard?

Mummy had brought her to London from the little home on the edge of the moors where she had been reared. She had passed through all the caterpillar stages of existence there, long-legged, running wild. She had met Hubert. Hubert was the bailiff on the big estate, young for the job, kind and generous. She and Hubert had met when the heather was richly purple and there was the short, sharp sound of the guns snapping in the distance. Perhaps it was all childish and rather silly, but she had realised that she loved Hubert from the first.

They had had one delicious spell when nobody knew about it, and when she had kissed him and had clung to him. When the confession that

he was poor had not stirred her one iota. Better to be happy and poor with the man you love than rich and miserable with a man you hate. Then mummy had found out. "All so ridiculous," mummy had said, and had brought Clare to London for the season, where she would meet everybody who was anybody, and where she would forget Hubert and make a brilliant match.

Only Clare had not got off like the proverbial hot cakes. There were dozens of other mothers touring round London with dozens of other eligible daughters, all beautiful, all marvelously dressed, with the latest light phrases tripping off their lips and the latest dancing steps at their toes. The competition was something desperate. At first Clare had had ideas of being married to a duke, with ten baby bridesmaids behind her and a marvelous future before her. That dream had died swiftly.

At the end the season, grown panicky, she was wondering when Lord Ashe would come up to scratch. Lord Ashe was the only eligible who showed any signs of wanting her and he did not show very many. He must be thirty (a Methuselah, she thought); but he had a castle in Scotland, and a town house in a snug square, and a villa on the Côte d'Azur. "And you'd be Lady Ashe," purred her mother.

To-morrow he was coming to propose to her and to-morrow she was going to accept him. Well, you could not go back to the moors labelled a dud, and with mummy forever reproaching you, could you? she asked herself. She had an idea that she would not be able to sleep much to-night, so she went to the library for a really enthralling book.

"WE have good accounts of this one," the girl librarian said as she handed the book across to her. She took it because she would have taken anything.

She snuggled down in bed that night to read it. The librarian had been quite right; it was enthralling.

She lived in that story. It was straight. It might be romantic, but it had that sense of decency about it which suddenly made you look into your own life and realise your own stark mistakes. She had been rather a fool at times. A very big fool probably. As she read, the smell of the heather from home seemed to come to her in honey waves. She could hear the sound of Hubert's horse thudding down the woodland path. She could hear the short snap of the guns again and smell the acrid scent of wood fires. She knew before she had finished it (and somehow she had to finish it) that she was going back there again. If she got up early enough she could catch the morning train, the first one of all. She must have been mad to have entertained for a single moment the idea of a marriage of convenience, she told herself. Better be poor. So much better.

She got up in the dawn when the milk carts were trundling round London, and there was the first noise of wheels on the wood-block pavements. She packed a few things and left a note for her mother.

"I am sorry, but there are some things that are too humiliating, and if I married Lord Ashe, it would be one of them. I'm so very sorry to let you down like this, but somehow I cannot let myself down any more. I am marrying Hubert. Will you return my library book?—Clare."

"A BOOK for my husband," said the woman with the tired, strained eyes, "he is going into a nursing home for an operation. He wants something to take his mind off it."

"We have good accounts of this one," said the girl librarian, and she reached for the book which had just been returned by an indignant, middle-aged lady who had made no comments.

The woman with the tired eyes took the book to the nursing home, and took it into number twenty-one on the second floor. In the bed lay Dick. Dick was the man she ought never to have married. Dick was the man who had tricked her into it five years ago, when she had really been in love with Clifford Grey, the doctor. Dick had told her that Cliff had gone away because he loved another girl, and because girls take things bitterly, because she had felt in a resigned mood which asked no further questions, and because she had a beautiful if entirely misguided faith in the goodness of mankind, she had married him. Dick, who drank very heavily; who said things that he did not mean; Dick, who could be so unutterably, terribly cruel when he wanted to be.

Dick was one of those men who love to cage life. He delighted in those cages of little birds which he kept in the house. Birds who had lost heart to sing and who fluttered with drooping, piteous wings in miserable solitude. And she had been the same. He had taken her from Cliff, which was all that he wanted. The triumph of stealing the other man's girl, of being "one up." After that he had not cared what had happened.

The five years had been hell.

Just recently he had seemed ill, and last week he had come to London to consult a specialist. Of course, with the innate cruelty of nature, he must choose Cliff, though she had not known it at the time. It had given him a definite thrill to go to the man he had cheated and to force him to save his life. Cliff would operate. It was his duty.

Afterwards Edna had gone to him privately. She had gone into the consulting-room and had sat there limply facing the man she had once loved, and whom she still loved; she knew that now. He still cared for her. His lips did not say so, but he could not stop the message in his eyes.

"Don't do it," she said. "Make somebody else do it." And Cliff had answered: "I am the one man who deals with this one operation. If I give the case to somebody else, he may die."

His was the loyalty of doctor to patient—with disregard of self, and supreme regard for the sick person.

They had talked. Somehow it had slipped out how wretched the five years had been. She had known when she left him, that seeing that consulting-room and those steady grey eyes again had made matters worse, so very much worse. She had been a fool to go to see him. Now she came into the

little room with the book, and saw her husband's eyes, malignant and cruel across the sheet. He had guessed that she would go and see Cliff; had known it all along, and had laughed to himself about it.

"Looks a sloppy sort of book," he said, and took it ungraciously. Then when she rose to go, making a frantic effort to say something comforting and consoling: "Oh, you need not think that I am going to die. I'm not. It's the bad pennies that turn up again, you know; and I may be seedy, but I'm tough."

Yet when it came to it that night, he could not sleep. He brought out the book and read it for lack of something to do. The ham-faced night nurse looked on occasionally. Queer how these homes could never supply you with a good-looker!

The book held him in the way it held most people. The quiet quality

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

Humanity hugs thousands of cherished beliefs to its bosom. In this little weekly feature we blow out a few of them!



No. 20.—Shaving Hairs from Legs or Arms Does NOT Make Them Grow Stronger.

The average woman is firmly convinced that if she shaves unsightly hairs from her arms or legs it will only result in them becoming thicker and stronger. This theory has been exploded by the Mellon Institute of U.S.A., as a result of exhaustive tests extending over a number of years. The experiments made showed that no matter how often one cuts, shaves, or otherwise treats the hair, it will not grow any faster or any thicker. Another interesting revelation was that it is impossible to get two hairs to grow where only one grew before.

of decency stirred through its pages and stirred him, too. It sent him back to the old days when he had been a schoolboy and when there had been a spark in him which the public school code had fanned for a while, but which had ultimately burnt low.

The book changed him.

Suddenly he saw that he was the person in the cage, the man in the hard, cold cage of his own body. All the while he had thought that he was putting other people into prison, whereas all the time he was the man in prison himself. This life of his wasn't any good to him, and certainly no good to others. He read on and on very quietly, and it seemed that at last he had found a peace which had not been his for many years. Since he had left school he had not done one decent thing as far as he could remember, not one. He had gone on and on, thinking only of himself, laughing at the prisoners that he made, and now suddenly he despised himself for that. He would do one decent thing, he told himself, before he died. Just one.

He wrote a little note.

They operated early next day. Afterwards, when they had tried artificial respiration and heart massage and everything else, the nurse handed the doctor the letter.

"He asked me to give you this the moment the operation was successfully over," she said, and her face was drawn. She hated patients dying. It gave her a horrid feeling even after all these years. Cliff read the note.

"Well, for me it is successfully over. I have to admit the truth to exonerate you. I took a tablet before they wheeled me in; you see, I realised last night that I had been rather a cad. There's Edna. Be good to her. She needs it. Send my library book back. . ."

That was all.

THE book went to one or two others.

It went on its rounds, and it came at last to the bride. The bride felt extraordinarily ill. She felt panicky. The wedding presents had been pouring in for days, and she was sick to death of writing pathetically same little notes.

"Thank you so much for the"—whatever it was—"I am sure that I shall find it most useful, and it is just the colour that Rex and I like so much, and of which we are having such a lot in our house."

And then wondering where you could change the wretched thing, and get what you really wanted. Wedding presents are like that.

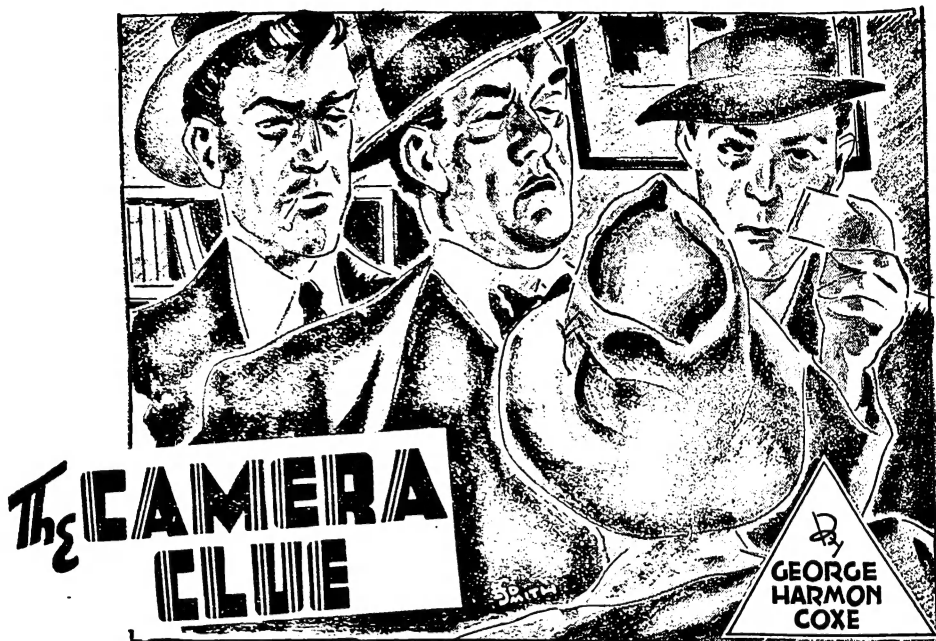
In her room there was the white frock hung with a sheet over it to keep it clean. New trunks with new initials on them, and a trousseau of clothes. And all the while she was feeling sick.

"I feel like nothing on earth," she told the maid.

The maid was sympathetic. She thought it must be "ever so funny" to get married. "seeing what gentle-

(Continued on page 50.)

Continuing a Mystery Story with a Brand-New Plot!



On the cigarette-case was a little panel, on which were engraved the initials, N. B. P.

Kent Murdock Finds the Dead Body of Jerry Carter, But Does Not Tell the Police.

SYNOPSIS.

KENT MURDOCK, ace photographer and a man about town, comes home one night to find Nora Pendleton and her wife—both looking very strained. Nora tells Kent that she has just shot Jerry Carter, the columnist, because he refused to return some of her letters. On his way to Carter's office to discover what really has happened, Kent stops in the street to snap a quant-looking sandwich-man. Immediately afterwards, a man approaches him, saying, "I think you got me in that picture; I'd appreciate it if you didn't publish it."

Kent Murdock tells the stranger he will have to call at the newspaper office if he wants to arrange that, and continues on his way to Carter's office in a disturbed state of mind. For when he had lowered the camera after snapping the sandwich-man he had seen Nora Pendleton, whom he had told to go home, standing directly behind at the open door of a parked taxi.

Now read on.



JERRY CARTER looked to be in his late thirties, the small, dapper type so familiar along the Broadways of any large city. His hair was thin, brown, with a definite bald spot on the crown. He wore a light-grey suit, with a blue-bordered handkerchief dangling from his breast pocket. The face, rather flabby and pinched-looking in death, held a curious look of surprise rather than alarm. From where Murdock stood,

only the limp and shapeless set to the body spoke of death. Not until he stepped close and bent down beside Jerry Carter did he see the small, reddish stain that had discoloured the fabric of the waistcoat over the heart.

Conscious that he was holding his breath, Murdock exhaled noisily and stood up, dark eyes sombre as they searched the floor and pried into the corners of the room. It was a spacious, well-lighted office, expensively furnished with a good green rug, two desks—the second one at the left wall of the room—with matching chairs and a row of filing-cabinets.

The door to the connecting room at the front of the building was open and Murdock stepped up until he could look inside. This room surprised him in its elegance. There was an immense divan, a knee-hole desk, and two overstuffed chairs. The Oriental on the floor was ankle-deep; there was a mahogany cellaret along the wall between the two windows, and in one corner an electric icebox. He went far enough into the room to see a connecting lavatory and shower; then went back into the outer office.

Without thinking, he opened his camera. Unstrapping his plate-case, he took out a tripod and set it up. All

the time his dark eyes were moving, and as they moved, his brows furrowed deeply, giving him a hard, puzzled expression.

Finally he accepted the fact that what he sought was not here. There was no gun.

Trouble settled heavily upon him. He tried, for a moment, to tell himself that Nora might have made a mistake. Yet all the time he knew, knew she could not have made a mistake about that one important detail. And he was in no spot to consider the alternatives.

He sought refuge from the nagging persistence of these thoughts in action. Stepping to the body of Jerry Carter, he knelt quickly in his last search for that gun. To make sure it was not hidden by the edge of the man's coat, he lifted this. In doing so he pulled slightly and, as though sensitive to his touch, the inert figure moved, sliding over slowly to one side to come to rest upon its back.

Murdock's first impulse, to prop the body back in its original position, he discarded. It made no difference that he could see, and he straightened up to find his camera standing there focussed upon him.

With no thought that he could ever publish such pictures, he decided to

take some while he had the chance. Using his second plate in the holder which already contained the exposed plate of the sandwich man, he took his first picture, drawing back against the door and including as much of the body and the office as he could. Substituting a fresh plate-holder, he shifted his position to a spot near the door which connected with the vacant office, so that he could photograph the body from an entirely different angle. He took two more pictures, decided to take two additional close-ups.

He had changed flash-bulbs and was focussing his camera for this last pair of plates when he heard something that stilled his heart and held him rigid, every muscle tense. It was an odd, metallic sound; so faint and brief he could not be sure of its meaning, yet distinct in the instant he heard it—a sound like the latch of a door clicking into place.

For a second Murdock held his breath and did not move; when he did, he moved swiftly and silently. His head jerked around to search the room, eyes coming to rest on the hall door, which he had not locked. The door was closed; so was the door to the empty office which adjoined to the rear. Two long steps took him to the hall door, and he threw it open and stepped out.

The corridor was empty. The elevator was silent in its shaft, and when he went to the stairs he could hear no sound of footsteps below. Moving back down the hall, he tried the doors of the four empty offices. When he found these locked, he crossed to the door marked: L. H. Novak. Murdock's troubled gaze narrowed slightly as he hesitated here and recalled that Novak was a private detective with a rather shady reputation. Then, although he had seen the man leave the building, he tried the door to make sure it was locked before he moved down the hall to the apparently vacant room which separated Novak's office from Jerry Carter's suite. This, too, was locked, and he finally went back to his camera, bolted the door behind him, and reached for the telephone. When he had his number he spoke in low, crisp tones.

"Jack . . . Kent Murdock. How long'll it take you to get down to 84 Newhall Street?"

"Got a job?" Jack asked casually.

"How long, I said."

"Eight minutes. Maybe seven. You sound rattled."

"I'll meet you at the stairs in the third-floor hall," Murdock said. "Step on it."

Murdock remained in the room until he had taken the

two additional pictures as he had planned. When he had put away his paraphernalia he moved to the door, and after a last humid glance about the office, stepped into the hall, pressing the button of the latch so that the door locked behind him.

JACK FENNER was a slim, wiry man, with a pale, wedge-shaped face and alert agate eyes. He was neatly and conservatively dressed in a well-pressed blue suit, a grey top-coat and a new-looking hat which he immediately pushed back when he had trudged up the stairs to meet Murdock about five minutes later.

"What's the job?" he asked, leaning against the wall and puffing a little from his climb.

"Watching Jerry Carter's office."

While he waited for Fenner, Murdock had decided upon a plan of action that seemed from his grasp of the macabre situation, to be the best. To be of any help to Nora Pendleton, he had to have information; and there was only one logical way to get this information—through the police.

Hating himself for the thought that he might have to double-cross them, yet knowing that here was one time when he could not be fussy about his methods, he planned to go back to his office and wait for a reasonable period. Later he could telephone Lieutenant Bacon at police headquarters and say that he had just received an anonymous tip of the shooting. His own wide acquaintance about

the city resulted in frequent tips of one sort or another. Bacon would probably not question the source, and such a move would give Murdock the chance he wanted—the chance to follow the investigation with the police.

As for Jack Fenner—this summoning of him for additional help was partly for protection, partly the promptings of a hunch. The missing gun was something that he did not want to think about; what he did want was every bit of information he could get. Someone had taken that gun; someone besides himself must, therefore, know of Carter's death.

This fact, plus that sound which he had thought to be the stealthy closing of a door, was proof enough that there was more to this murder than he had thought. If anyone tried to get into Carter's office before the police arrived, Murdock wanted to know about it.

"For anything in particular?" Fenner asked.

"Just watch it," Murdock said. "Somebody knocked him off a while ago. I got a tip on it, and I had a look. A little later I'm going to tip off the police."

Fenner's agate eyes widened, narrowed quickly with suspicion. He whistled softly and then sucked at his lips.

"Until then," Murdock went on, ignoring the whistle, "I want to know if he gets any callers."

"It sounds kinda smelly," Fenner said dryly.

"Since when have you private dicks been so fussy?"

"Not fussy, just careful. I wouldn't want to lose my license."

"That part's up to you," Murdock said. "You won't lose it for just watching a door. I told you the rest of it because—"

"I'd read it in the papers, anyway," Fenner finished.

"But until you do read it in the papers, the less you know about it the better it'll be—for both of us."

"I believe you," Fenner said.

MURDOCK continued down the stairs to the street, walked over to Boylston, and took a cab to the "Courier-Herald" building. Busy with his thoughts and troubled by their imprint, he strode through the entrance, answered the hail of two blue-shirted pressmen without seeing them, offered an absent-minded grunt to the elevator boy's greeting, and remained oblivious of the other passengers in the car as he rode to the third floor.

Grady was the only photographer in the studio.

(Continued on page 61.)



"I hope you don't mind, but we've both got new hats on."
—The Humorist (London).



Topical Subjects—and Others of Interest—Explained Briefly.

Is the World Growing Colder?



THAT is what some of us wonder when we have a colder Winter than usual, with more fogs and chilblains, colder winds and more rain and fewer sunny days, and people who fancy they are old enough to remember better times go about saying, "The climate is changing. The world is growing colder."

Then somebody chimes in wisely, "Well, there have been Ice Ages before. We must be going back to another Ice Age."

According to the best authorities, we are not. The world is growing warmer at present. Quite cheering, isn't it?

No, I don't mean that you can throw away your knitting needles, say good-bye to coughs and colds, and

buy yourself a nice Summer outfit for next Winter. As a matter of fact, it really matters very little to us personally whether the world is gradually approaching another Ice Age, or just getting over the last and growing warmer, because these changes come so very slowly that no noticeable difference is likely to happen in our lifetime, or even in several lifetimes, unless some bright person— Wait a minute, though. I will tell you presently what you might be able to do about that.

When people, especially elderly people, tell us that they are sure the Winters are much colder now than when they were young, we have to remember two things. First, they naturally feel the cold now much more than when they were younger. Secondly, though we do have very cold Winters now and again, with cool Summers, we just as often have mild Winters and hot Summers; but none of us remember the weather accurately for more than a year or two, unless we keep careful diaries of the weather. I have known one or two people who kept a diary for a long time, and always recorded the weather, but most of us leave that to the weather bureaux.

And the weather bureaux of the world, after comparing all their records, tell us that our weather comes in cycles of about eleven years. That is, we get very cold years, very hot seasons, moderate seasons, heavy rainfall, droughts, storms, calms, all in about eleven years, and then begin and go through them all again, though not in exactly the same order. So many causes affect the seasons that nobody yet can foretell exactly what each one in the eleven years will be.

But these cycles have not gone on without any change at all since the earth began. They are considered to be part of a much larger cycle of perhaps ten thousand years, during which the weather, including these eleven-year cycles, no doubt, has gone, not merely from fairly cold to fairly warm and back again, but from extremely hot to extremely cold again. The extremely cold periods may bring Ice Ages. The hotter periods

between them are known as interglacial periods. We appear to be living in an interglacial period now, and it is quite possible that there will be another Ice Age, but not in our lifetime.

By calculating the age of different rocks, and then studying the effect the ice has had upon them, geologists can tell us when and where these Ice Ages occurred, and they say that Europe and America have been partly covered in ice more than once. At another time, part of Australia was ice-covered while Europe and America were warm.

On the other hand, we know that there are beds of coal in the regions around the South Pole. Since coal is the remains of decayed vegetation which has been buried for thousands of years, the Polar regions must have been warm enough once to grow luxuriant forest.

There have been a great many theories about the causes of these great cycles of weather. Some people say they are caused by sunspots, some by conditions on the earth itself, or its distance from the sun, etc. But they seem to agree about one thing, that these accumulations of ice in Polar regions at present, are not there because our present Winters are cold enough to cause them, but because they accumulated so much in extremely cold periods that they have never had a chance to melt since. If they could be melted, they would not form again, at any rate under present conditions.

At present, they will not melt if left to themselves, but if some ingenious engineer could find some method of, say, melting the ice around the South Pole by turning a warm ocean current on to it, so as to warm both the surrounding sea and the atmosphere, it ought to make quite a difference to our Winters, even if it did not dispose of them altogether.

I do not know whether anybody has ever propounded such a scheme. It may be only an idea of my own, and it would take a great deal of skilful engineering, but engineers have done wonderful things before, so why not again? I don't suppose England and

America would lend us their nice warm Gulf Stream flowing out of the Gulf of Mexico, but there might be another warm current, either on the surface of the ocean or below it, which could be spared to do the work.

So, if you know any friend with a knowledge of such matters and a really ingenious mind, you might ask him to think seriously about it.

If he succeeded, it might make quite a difference to our Winters in time, even though it would not altogether dispose of them.

✱

Who the Moslems Are.



THE story of Moslems or Mohammedans, as we call them, though they also call themselves the Faithful, or the followers of Islam, begins

about 600 A.D. in Arabia. There was a time when we thought of them as vaguely interesting people who lived a long way from us, and had really nothing to do with the world's affairs, but they are really rather near neighbours of ours, and lately they are taking an active part in the world's business, just as they did some centuries ago.

We should remember, to begin with, that we must not class the Mohammedans as heathen, though it is correct to call them non-Christians. Like the Jews and the Christians, they worship only one God, whom they call Allah; but they claim that Mohammed is his prophet. Their sacred book, containing his teachings, is called the Koran, and their places of worship are called mosques.

Arabia was a heathen country, worshipping idols when Mohammed was born at Mecca, which is still one of their sacred cities. He became a shepherd, and then a camel-driver, and

nobody at first looked on him as a leader, but he grew up an earnest and thoughtful young man, and by the time he was twenty-five, was in charge of some business for a wealthy widow named Khadija, who was fifteen years older than himself.

Perhaps it was partly the fact that he had lost his mother at the age of six that attracted him towards Khadija. He may have found in her some of the companionship with an older woman which his own mother had not lived to give him. No doubt the fact that he was unusually thoughtful for a young man of his age had something to do with it as well, for the widow was equally attracted to him. They were married, and Khadija remained his greatest help and inspiration for the rest of her life.

It was about this time that Mohammed began to feel that he was called upon to reform the religion of his country. Khadija believed in the revelations which he felt had been made to him, and encouraged him to consider himself as a prophet, though for several years he had only a few more followers.

When Mohammed tried to impose his teachings on the Arabs (amongst other rules he forbade infanticide, and laid down laws for the better treatment of women), he found himself opposed by those who either disliked the changes of religion and conduct, or did not wish to acknowledge him as a leader. This led to warfare between his followers and his opponents, so that Mohammedanism became a political system as well as a belief.

During his lifetime, Mohammed and his followers conquered the surrounding tribes of Arabia, and set out to conquer the surrounding countries. After his death, his successors continued their conquests, and for a time were amongst the most powerful rulers of the world. They conquered Persia, which is still a Moslem country, and part of India, where there are still millions of Moslems.



They also conquered most of the north of Africa, Abyssinia remained Christian, as it still is, but Egypt became Moslem, and the King of Egypt was lately made Caliph of the Faithful, or the acknowledged head of the Moslems throughout Asia and Africa. It was from the northwest of Africa, which they had conquered, that the Mohammedan Moors crossed to Europe and conquered Spain for a time.

Some of their rules of conduct are very strict. To this day they do not touch either alcohol or tobacco, which may account for the fact that Bombay is suggesting having prohibition, and on certain fast days they do not touch food till after sunset. Their belief does not forbid polygamy, and Mohammed himself married several other wives after Khadija's death.

For a time the Moslems were the most cultured, as well as the most powerful, nation, and it was from them that Europeans first learned much of their astronomy, mathematics, etc., but gradually their power declined. Many of them, especially in India, Egypt, and Palestine, are now living directly or indirectly under British rule, and the Arabs of Egypt and Palestine and neighbouring countries are now, through a conference in London, urging their right to independence.

Some people say that they even dream of some day dominating the world again, though it must be admitted that they are a long way from that at present.

MORE FUN.

Two neighbours were having a friendly chat over the fence.

"Yes," said one, "there's Mrs. Knowall across the way—she's very inquisitive."

"Not 'arf," returned the other, acidly. "She even stops to listen when two roads meet."

Jones—"What are you cutting out of that paper?"

Brown—"A report of a case in which a man got a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

Jones—"What are you going to do with it?"

Brown—"Put it in my pocket."

"Do you know that man who smiled at you?" asked the jealous suitor.

"Yes!" replied his girl. "He's a colleague of mine."

"What does he do?"

"Oh, he signs the letters I type."

Binks—"Have you ever seen a company of women silent?"

Jinks—"Yes. Somebody asked who was the oldest."

"I'm quite fed up with this place," said one convict to another. "Just because I hit the warden with a shovel the governor won't let me attend choir practice."

Slaves of Passion and Ice-Cream

What Every Girl Should Read; Being
Another Word of Advice from

UNCLE NORMAN.



WOMAN, it is stated by someone or other — Tennyson or Psmith, I think it was—is as old as she looks; a man is old when he stops looking. And remember this, you girls, you date yourself far more by what you say than by the way you look. It may sometimes be wise to pretend to be foolish, but it is always foolish to pretend to be wise.

For instance, Dulcie—and you, too, Gwladys, and Muriel, and Asphyxia and Niagara and Margarine, and the others—never let him catch you reading “improving” books, like Carlyle’s “Sartor Resartus,” or John B. Gough’s “Temperance Lectures.” He’ll think you either a pretender or a pundit, and he shies like a startled cart-horse at both. No, my dears, you keep on guzzling ice-cream, and stick to good old Omar; learn that bit about “a book of verse and thou,” and trickle it over him and he’ll think you’re Christmas. Otherwise, he’ll compare you to the last rose of the Summer before last. Better still, let him catch you studying “The New Idea” Cook Book, and he’ll purr like a wart-hog.

By the way, what do you read—or don’t you? Oh, I know, you read the Births and Marriages, and the sugary caption to the (studio) picture of the latest coy young thing to become engaged: “Phyllis, the thirteenth daughter of the late Samson Slugg, Esq., of Shoreditch, England, and Mrs. Slugg, whose engagement is announced—” and all that sort of stuff in the “Daily Sob Story,” but what do you read, dinkum?

I noticed this item in the paper the other day:

“SYDNEY, Wednesday.—The censor apparently knew all about the highbrow literature coming into Australia, but seemed to be blind to the flood of trash, said Mrs. Henderson, of West Australia, at the Federal conference of the Federated Association of Australian Housewives to-day.

“The conference decided to seek more drastic censorship of imported magazines and books. Unless such action were taken, Mrs. Henderson said, irreparable damage would be done to adolescent minds. Deadwood Dicks were barred a few years ago, but these books were a million times worse. ‘Murder in Step-Ins’ was the

title of one magazine. “The Little Walking Corpse,” “The Blood Vendor,” “The Dead Tongue of Terror,” “The Carnival of Crawling Doom,” were the titles of some other books being displayed in many bookshops.”

Personally, I may say I’ve never yet met a girl with an adolescent mind, and I don’t believe any girl would know what it was if she had one. If she did, she’d have it dyed blue. All the same, the Conference was shocked much too easily. What about “The Gory Barber and the Bloodthirsty Pieman,” and “Born in the Vestry, or Just in Time”? If it comes to that, why isn’t “The Luscious Rabelais” put on the Index Prohibitorius? Or our dear old, frisky friend, “The Arabian Nights’ Entertainment”? I know a sweet young thing who actually bought a copy of a Government Blue Book, because—well, you know how optimistic some girls are.

I consider that pernicious reading for the really “naive” young lady is this kind of stuff, which I came across in a “Lady’s Letter” in a certain English fashion journal the other day. I place my hand on the two cigars in my watch pocket, and solemnly swear this is what I read:

“I think you should certainly accept the seat in his box at the Promenade Concerts, and your sky-blue slashed with orange will look very nicely. As you have known him only a week, your bearing should be just coy enough to keep him interested; but should he become too impulsive, there is no harm in your checking him by some simple phrase, such as ‘What do you take me for?’ or ‘I don’t know what you mean.’ Equal parts of ground white lead and sarcasm, mixed with boiled oil and turps, and applied to the glass with a painter’s brush, will obscure the objectionable view at present to be had from your back window.”

Now, I do think that’s a bit over the odds, don’t you? Although I ad-



mit it does make a powerful appeal to the imagination. But let’s be broadminded.

Our friend, P. G. Wodehouse, has a good deal to say about the writing of books, and touches delicately on the inconvenience of being famous. He says the press interview is the worst. Thus:

The man got out his notebook and sharpened his pencil, and moistened the point, and looked at me with a bright, trusting look in his eyes. He asked me about my career. I let my mind wander back over the past. It was like taking a stroll through the Mojave desert.

“I came to America from England,” I said at last.

“Yes,” he said excitedly. “And then?”

“Oh, then I went back again.”

“And when did you return to America?”

“Last year.”

“And what happened then?”

“I stayed there.”

After lamenting the impossibility of dodging the biographer because “everyone has one nowadays,” and remarking that nothing ever happens to him, he continues:

Other authors are not like that. I know at least three who contributed their first story to a magazine from prison. The average author, as far as I can make out, is a fellow that ran away from home at the age of ten, sailed seven times round the world on a sailing ship, did a bit of pearl poaching, was a prominent figure in the

(Continued on page 40.)

Are We Becoming Less Intelligent?



*An Article Wherein the Author Declares
that the Intellectual Capacity of the
Human Race is Diminishing.*

BY GUY FOX.

a vogue in press and radio. From the subject's replies to the questions his I.Q. (intelligence quotient) is determined. This gives the eugenicists a basis for the comparison of the intellects of different persons.

The eminent English biologists, Duff and Thomson, in 1923 published the results of a series of tests which showed beyond doubt that a child's intelligence is directly proportionate to the occupational class of its father. Thus the children of teachers and lawyers were found to be the most intelligent; those of wharf labourers and coalminers the least. But the

average teacher's family, for instance, was less than half the size of the average miner's.

The significance of this is that the less intelligent people are having far more children than the intellectuals, and as a result the average general intelligence of each generation is decreasing.

Furthermore—and you're not going to like this—very few men marry their intellectual superiors, so that their children, since their intelligence is inherited from their mother and father, have a lesser intellectual capacity than their father, which is another factor tending to reduce the general intelligence level.

You, at this stage, object that you know of a dustman's son who became an M.A. That is merely an exception to the general rule. Eugenists are not so dogmatic as to maintain that the rule holds in every case. They only indicate the universal trend.

So, you see, each generation is less intelligent than the previous one, and that is why your great-grandmother had, in all probability, an intellect that would run rings round your own.



TO-DAY I asked sixteen Australian women whether they considered themselves to be more intelligent than their great-grandmothers were. The sixteen represented all types—housewives, office workers, salesgirls, and socialites. Twelve of them answered "Yes." Two thought they were "about the same"; one "didn't know," and one, a chain-store salesgirl, said "No"—and she was right!

The intellectual capacity of the human race is diminishing. That may sound absurd in view of the many beneficial discoveries made by men and women over the last few years; nevertheless, it is scientifically true and is easily proved.

Eugenics, the science of contemporary human evolution, has revealed in the last twenty years that intelligence is hereditary. This means that just as you inherit your stature, your health, and the colour of your hair and eyes from your parents so, too, you may inherit your intellect, or lack of it, from them.

This fact was established by numerous experiments, using as a basis the Intelligence Test, for the inauguration and development of which Madame Montessori, world-famous Italian educationalist, was largely responsible. It is, in fact, frequently known as the Montessori test.

These tests closely resemble the "quiz" questions at present enjoying

popularity in the press and radio. From the subject's replies to the questions his I.Q. (intelligence quotient) is determined. This gives the eugenicists a basis for the comparison of the intellects of different persons.



LETTERS INVITED FROM READERS.

Readers of "The New Idea" are invited to express their opinions through our pages on any subjects of interest, comments on topical affairs of national importance, whether they be in the form of bouquets or shattering brickbats, will be especially welcome.

All letters published will be paid for at the usual rates.

Limit your bouquets and brickbats to 250 words and address to "The New Idea," Box 777H, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.I., Victoria.

A FEW JOKES.

The lawyer said to his client: "Here's my bill. Please pay twenty pounds down and five pounds a month thereafter for ten months."

"It sounds like buying a motor-car," said the client, with a smile. "You're right," said the lawyer. "I am!"

First Newsboy: "I'm a ha'penny short."

Second Newsboy: "Well, watcher lookin' at me for? I ain't got yer ha'penny."

First Newsboy: "Never said you 'ad, but 'ere am I a ha'penny short and you're eating peanuts!"

"Are these the largest oranges you have?" asked Mrs. Brown of the fruiterer.

"Oh, no, ma'am," was the reply, "those are only the 'large' size. We also have the larger, mammoth, giant, jumbo, colossal, and super-colossal sizes!"



American air-lines are faced with the problems of their air-hostesses leaving them to get married.

Queer Facts About Marriage.

Read About the Man Who Married 18 Times, What Happened to the Woman-Haters' Club, and Other Amazing Facts.

BY I. P. A.



TWO instances are known of couples married for more than 80 years. In July, 1768, a couple in Essex, England, celebrated the 81st anniversary of their wedding, the husband being 107 years of age, and his wife 3 years younger. At about the same time a man died in Gloucestershire in his 104th year, followed the next day by his 115-year-old wife. They also had been married for 81 years.

In Scotland in 1749, the "noted bachelor," W. Hamilton, was married at the age of 80 years. A contemporary described the wedding: "He was so deformed that he was utterly unable to walk. His legs were drawn up to his ears, his arms were twisted backwards, and almost every member was out of joint. He was obliged to be carried to church on men's shoulders. Nevertheless, his bride was fair, and only 20 years of age!"

A century ago in Berkshire, a bridegroom of the mature age of eighty-five married a bride of eighty-three. The bridesmaids were all spinsters, 70 years of age and more. Six granddaughters of the bridegroom acted as flower-girls, and four grand-sons of the bride sang in the choir.

In January, 1937, at Kishenev, Roumania, the 90-year-old Russian Colonel Nicholas Murzac, married 80-year-old Miss Vera Diacenco. The romance started in the Ukraine 60 years ago during the Russo-Turkish war. The young girl's father, a rich landowner, had refused the hand of

his daughter to the young officer, who after the war, was transferred to a remote garrison. Both lovers remained single. They did not meet again, nor did they correspond. The officer fought as a Colonel during the Great War, and after the Revolution fled to Monte Carlo. From there he traced his old love, and wrote to her. Having won a large sum of money at the Casino, he proposed, was accepted, travelled to Kishenev, and was married the next day.

Marriage and divorce are easy under the gipsy law. For the wedding ceremony it is sufficient for a woman and man to drink wine out of the same glass under a tree in the presence of the tribal chief. The marriage is dissolved by the chief breaking a tree branch over the heads of the couple saying: "You are free!" This simple custom enabled a Jugo-Slavian gipsy in Zhunje to set up a record of 63 marriages in 2 years. In a single week he managed to marry, divorce and remarry not less than five times. It is not known what he did on the remaining 2 days of that week!

In the 1832 volume of the reliable "Annual Register" is to be found an account of the public sale of Mrs. Mary Anne Thomson by her husband, Joseph Thomson, a farmer of Carlisle. The couple had been married for three years, and the sale took place by mutual consent. He offered her for 50 shillings, but finally knocked her down to one, Henry Mears, for 20 shillings and a Newfoundland dog.

At Pontefract, in 1815, a woman was offered for sale without reserve by her husband at a public auction held in the market place. She was knocked down for 11 shillings.

The last known sale of a woman took place in 1859, at Dudley, where a man sold his wife for sixpence. In all these cases the husband acted under the erroneous belief that by sell-

ing his wife he could forego all legal obligations to support her.

The selling of wives has even taken place in comparatively recent times. In 1913, a woman admitted in a London police court that she had been sold by her husband for one sovereign, and that she had raised no objections.

American air-lines are faced with the problem of their "air hostesses" continually leaving them to get married. In the Spring of 1937, seventeen hostesses of one line were married within six weeks. In the following month six hostesses of another line celebrated their weddings in one week. Most of the girls marry pilots or groundsmen of the same line. Marriages to passengers romantically met up in the clouds are, despite Hollywood, very rare.

In London there is a club with a limited membership of 26 young men and 26 young women, all of them single and under 26 years of age. Nobody is allowed to know the names of his fellow members, all of whom address each other as Mr. X, or Miss A. Should any member discover the name of another he is in honour bound to resign. Thus far, all resignations have been followed by marriage—14 in all!

Thirty-five years ago fourteen young men in Salt Lake City, U.S.A., formed a club of women haters. Last year ten of them held a re-union dinner. All were accompanied by their wives!

A 60-year-old Jugo-Slavian woman, Sophia Nishchevitch, was married for 40 years, but to 16 different husbands. Five husbands died, and the other 11 marriages were dissolved by divorce.

Mijat Vedra, of Gunji, Jugo-Slavia, recently married for the 18th time at the age of ninety-seven. His life's ambition will soon be satisfied: to

(Continued on page 48.)



Astrologically Speaking.

Believe in Astrology if You Must, and if It Gives You Any Comfort; but Believe in Yourself First and Foremost. It is Better to Face Your Problems Direct than Rely on a "Mysterious" Voice that Actually is Non-Existent, for Astrology has been Entirely Discredited by Science.

BY VALERIE CHICK.



THE strange kink of mind (if we might label it such) which apparently leads people to believe wholeheartedly in what the stars foretell, rather baffles me. Is it that these people are incapable of making important decisions for themselves? Can we boil it down to inferiority in a man's make-up when he seeks advice of this kind?

Where the telling of character by the stars is concerned, it should be remembered that there are certain things which we can tell everybody, and these things will be applicable to their natures. A good psychologist can tell you much about yourself that is easily recognisable, and perfectly true. Why give credit (or blame) to the stars for this sort of thing?

During my copywriting days in a broadcasting station, I met many varied types of people. One who stands out vividly in my mind was a young announcer, known to all his associates as "Astrologically speaking."

When he applied for his first audition, he remarked to me: "I hope they make it Thursday next. The stars favour me on that day." "You're surely not serious?" I asked. He assured me he was, so I dropped the subject. His audition took place on a Monday, and contrary to the stars, our friend obtained his first position as a radio announcer. After he had been at the station a week, he came to my desk one day, and asked when I was born.

"Now look here, Mr. Blank," I replied. "I've heard that line before. Talk to people about themselves, and make them feel important. Is that it?"

He appeared quite hurt, so I said: "Oh, forget it. I was born in May, if that's any help to you." "Gemini! By Jove! So am I! We're star-mates," he said.

"Star-mates? What are you driving at?" I asked. "Do you really mean to say you believe in Astrology?"

"Believe in it," he answered in all earnestness, "why I live my whole life by the stars." And sure enough, after I had listened to his lengthy discourse on the subject, it appears he did live, or try to live, every minute of his existence according to the planets.

"Now, astrologically speaking," he would say, "I must go quietly to-day," or vice-versa. I'm certain if the stars had told him to eat a meat-pie in the middle of an announcement for somebody's indigestion remedy, he would have carried out the procedure with great vim and vigour! He became a huge joke among his fellow-workers, hence the nickname. He was so sincere in his beliefs, but so pathetically wrong on most occasions, that I found myself feeling quite sorry for him at times. The only reward I could see that he reaped from this astrology bug, was the great amount of publicity it brought him. I remember a full-page being devoted to him entitled, "Astrologically Speaking—the Announcer Who Lives by the Stars." After twelve months, he left broadcasting to go abroad. Apparently the stars ordained it so!

"Astrologically speaking" he was the first male whom I had encountered who actually mapped out each day of his life by the planets. There was no end to the women I met who were ardent devotees of Astrology.

One amusing lass walked into my office one day. She was seeking radio work. Before I had time to explain that it was the manager whom

she should see, and not me, she said, rather excitedly: "You were born in May. You're a playboy of the Zodiac!" Instantly, I saw myself tripping all over the Milky Way, frolicking like a disembodied spirit. I'll admit I was amazed at her miraculous guess, for guess it must have been. However, I displayed a total lack of interest, and showed her where the manager's office was situated. Before she left my office, the Manager happened to walk by. My friend (without a word of farewell or thanks to me) followed him up the corridor, exclaiming in no uncertain tones: "Do you know that you have the Sun in Taurus, with Jupiter rising?" Turning around with an astonished look on his face, the manager said: "What's that you're saying young lady?" She repeated the sentence, adding: "Yes, you have Jupiter rising all right. It's very pronounced."

This was too much for me. I quietly closed my office door. Needless to say, this young woman did not get the position she required. I heard later that she was a brilliant pianist, but was an absolute crank on Astrology and Clairvoyance. Now I come to think about her, she certainly had a queer "far away" expression in her eyes, and was most wan looking.

Another told me one day that Geminians always had blue eyes.

"Well, if that's so, what about the Chinese?" I inquired. She made no reply to that question. Obviously!

A woman who provided many others (including myself) with much amusement, was one who came for an audition, claiming that she possessed a fine soprano voice. Her attire suggested eccentricity, but this was overlooked, and an audition was arranged.

It happened to be scheduled on a dull grey day in June, and she seemed

(Continued on page 45.)



Joan Fontaine, lovely leading lady in RKO-Radio's production, "Gunga Din," sets a new style in Hollywood with the Corrian "Wrong Way" sweater. No matter which way the sweater is worn, it "gets there" in a fashion way. Worn with the back in front, it has a high neckline, fastening with one button at the side back. Reversed, it may be worn with a V-neckline and wide revers. Or it may be fastened at the front instead of the back, preserving a high neckline all around. The triple changes make it suitable to wear with slacks, for sports, or with a suit for casual occasions.



ACTORS are as enthusiastic about excellent performances as fans, but few they like. The other day, Spencer they like. The other day, Spencer Tracy decided he'd write Robert Donat some complimentary phrases. Robert Taylor admits he wired congratulations to John Garfield when John crashed through on the screen. Ramon Novarro sent Wayne Morris a congratulatory telegram after seeing a particularly impressive piece of work by Wayne. Hollywood men are much more generous toward their rivals than Hollywood women. Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer have been very cordial toward Hedy Lemarr, the glamorous new star, who is quite likely to step into their shoes; but that's an exception, and Myrna and Norma are unusually tolerant of other women.

Gossip from Film-land.

Items of Interest from the Film Capitals of the World.

Bing Crosby decided he'd prove he could be an athlete, even an ice skater. So he led his wife, Dixie, and a few well-chosen intimates to the Polar Palace. He sat down so hard, the wrong way, that he had to be taken off to a doctor, and have stitches in his knee. Then they gave him crutches. Under the circumstances, Bing was positively glad to greet Andrea Leeds when she appeared as a guest-star on his radio programme. Andrea had to hobble about on crutches, too; she broke her foot when she went to a friend's house for a quiet game of badminton.

One of the unpublished sights of Hollywood is the fourteen-room house adjoining the front entrance to the Warner studio. It is Spanish in design, with a red tiled roof and a charming patio apparent from the street. For the past year, though hemmed in by the buzzing activity of a great movie plant, it has been conspicuously vacant. It's Marion Davies' dressing room and Marion hasn't starred in a picture for quite a while. No one at Warner's knows for certain whether she will ever make another film.

Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Spencer Tracy, and Frank McHugh were all friends a decade ago—when they were struggling to establish themselves on the stage. They borrowed shirts and loaned money to each other in their efforts to win contracts. Since they've become famous, and are well-to-do and married, they've never found much time to get together. At last they've solved this problem: now they meet every Wednesday night at some Hollywood café—and then their reminiscences begin!

One of the most popular actors in Hollywood is Melvyn Douglas. Here is one reason. He gave a gala housewarming in his elaborate new hillside home, and instead of the guest list being crowded with the names of stars, it was made up chiefly of the names of the studio workers—the crew and the technical boys and girls.

Although rumours circulated that Douglas Corrigan was dismayingly temperamental as a film star, the studio who employed him emphatically deny such gossip. "He was just curious," they say. While they were setting up the cameras at the airport for one sequence in his picture, he jumped on a motor-cycle and took a spill. A couple of days later he was about to take off in the ancient "crate" patched together for a scene. It would never have flown, so everybody screamed at him to stay down. Quite unpretentious, Corrigan wandered around RKO confessing he'd never be more than a one-picture actor. He rented a modest apartment and bought a 1929 car. For the very simple reason that he didn't intend giving parties and he didn't need a new car. He considered it much more fun tinkering with an old one. He took sightseeing tours on Sundays and answered his fan mail carefully, and altogether made no impression on Hollywood society. When they made out their guest lists his name wasn't included. That's Hollywood. One time the most democratic of towns, the next minute decidedly snobbish.

Wendy Barrie is one young person who has made herself very popular on the set. She knows everything of



Phyllis Brooks, the 20th Century-Fox star, whose latest success was in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

the humbler workers who are connected with her pictures. Knows whether they are married, their wives' names, how many children they have, and what their particular problems are. She not only talks to them, but really does something about it when a little help is obviously in order.

Madeline Carroll probably lives more glamorously than any other star. But this doesn't mean that her life is just one bed of roses. First her castle in Spain, presented to her by her rich husband was wrecked during the war there. A year ago she was the one actress who had to be rescued when flood waters cut off Malibu. She was the one actress whose

house was burnt down when the bush fire swept the Hollywood hills several months ago. However, she has a new long-term contract at Paramount, and she had an excitingly fast trip to London for the holidays there. And fortunately Madeline has the saving grace of being level-headed. There is nothing up-stage about Miss Carroll, despite her beauty and good fortune. She is accounted by her friends and acquaintances as a pleasure to meet and know.

The first person to arrive at the hospital after the John Garfield baby was born, was Garfield's good friend, Luise Rainer. And a very happy Luise she is these days too, since she has become an American citizen and a wife to Clifford Odets once again.

Quietly but thoroughly, Jimmy Cagney has been studying singing for the last two years. He has been working with Kellogg, who is coach for John Boles. Cagney has a rich baritone, and it is likely that one day he will burst into song on the screen.

One of the most attractive and popular matrons in Hollywood is Rhea Gable. Even though she separated from Clark (and is now divorced), all their old friends cling to Rhea as a tribute to her. Recently Rhea returned from a trip to New York. Hollywood was happy to have her back. And Rhea says the highlight of her trip was an afternoon spent in Gloria Swanson's New York apartment. The decorating scheme and all the furnishings of her Hollywood home have been transferred East by Gloria. The same charm, the same individuality that made Gloria Swanson's home a showplace in Hollywood, makes her new residence one of the really outstanding places in the big city.

Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, who are on location for "Dodge City," will be very glad to get back to Hollywood again. They have to do their heaviest acting along with 1,500 head of cattle. Also they have to be up every morning at dawn. And just to make everything perfect, in order to wash, they have to walk across two hundred feet of ice-covered ground.

Clark Gable's hunting paraphernalia is really something to look at. His sleeping bag is made with an extra-thick downy mattress. His gun cases were given to him by Carole Lombard. They are made of hand-carved leather. The deer gun case has hand-carved deer for decoration, while the duck gun case is finished off with hand-carved ducks. Clark usually hunts around Bakersfield district, and Carole often goes along with him. She's such a crack shot that she usually gets the limit a short time after her arrival. So she spends the rest of her time playing retriever for Clark.

Fred Astaire, David Niven and Bruce Cabot were all so enthusiastic over Gary Cooper in "The Cowboy and the Lady," they went to see the picture twice. Believe it or not, Gary is much more popular with the male stars

than he is with the female stars in Hollywood. Talk to any famous actor, and ask him who he'd rather be like than anyone else. He'll answer, "Good ol' Gary Cooper."

When Ray Milland read the script of "Hotel Imperial" he was as thrilled as a two-year-old. The action called for him to ride and jump a fine Italian steed. Ray, who once served in England's King's Cavalry, was wild with delight. Ever since he has been in pictures he has hoped for a part where he could ride. When he went to be measured for the uniform, he noticed the order called for two uniforms. Ray asked what the other one was for.

"Oh, that's for your double," said the director. "We can't risk your life by allowing you to do the riding yourself. You're much too valuable."

Dick Powell looks like a cherub these days. He's parting his hair on the side to give him that innocent country boy look he must have for his new picture. But Dick isn't so harmless when it comes to fighting for his rights. At the present time he is talking over a new contract with his studio. You can be sure that Dick will see to it that he is protected from those unworthy rôles that have been his lot in the past.

Years ago Don Ameche took a boy and girl out of an orphanage and brought them to his home to live. While they work as servants, heaven help anyone who tries to put them in that class. They eat at the same table with Don and his charming wife and share all their domestic comforts. When Don bought a new place in the San Fernando valley recently, he picked out one that was small, without a pool or court. Don's reason was that he didn't want to cause too much work for his friends. Just another reason why he is so popular with all and sundry.

A few years back, the tall, dark and handsome Kane Richmond was headed for big things on the M-G-M lot. He almost played the "Tarzan" rôles, but the powers decided that he was more the leading man type. An offer came for Kane to go to Singapore and play in a picture called "Devil Tiger." It meant being away from Hollywood and off the screen for a year. Kane was warned that he might lose opportunities if he took the chance. Being young and adventurous, Kane didn't listen to reason. The picture was a flop. Kane was forgotten and it took him years to recover from the fever he contracted while working on the Malay Peninsula. Visiting on the 20th-Century lot one day, he was seen again and rushed into a good part in "Tailspin," opposite Alice Faye and Constance Bennett. He was so good in the rushes he was immediately signed. Kane no longer has a desire to travel.

Contrary to the general impression that motion picture stars go to extremes in their efforts to avoid public attention, the majority of Hollywood personalities are frank to admit that they thoroughly enjoy the plaudits of film fans. Clark Gable, for example, has never worn a long grey beard or dark glasses to escape attention. "Of course I like to be noticed," he commented, adding, "I'm only human." Asked why he never ducks a crowd, the star quipped back, "Why should I? When people are no longer interested in seeing me, I'll be out of a job. Besides, it's as much fun for me as it is for them."

Tyrone Power made hundreds of new friends on his recent New York holiday by the genuine enthusiasm with which he greeted his admirers. It took him two hours each day to sign autographs.

Myrna Loy honestly believes she would be disappointed if people did not show an interest in her public appearances. "No woman can truthfully say that she doesn't get a thrill out of being popular," Myrna said.



Vicki Lester, the blonde RKO-Radio actress who supported Richard Dix in "Sky Giant."



Rosemary Lane, the Warner Brothers' star.



Myrna Loy, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, whose popularity never seems to wane.

Dainty Designs for Crochet-Workers.

Three Handkerchief Edges and One for a Sandwich Doyley.

Designed by "Jeanette."

"FORGET-ME-NOT" HANDKERCHIEF EDGE.

THIS edge was worked in No. 150 Mercer cotton, but is quite suitable for working in coarser cotton.

Abbreviations.—Dc, double crochet; ch, chain; tr, treble; d-p-l, double picot loop (5 ch, dc into 2nd) twice, 1 ch.

1st Row.—Dc closely all round, starting from corner.

2nd Row.—(Tr, 5 ch, tr) into corner dc, miss 2 dc, * (tr, 5 ch, tr) into next dc; repeat from * to 2nd last dc, where beginning is repeated. Repeat all directions all round.

3rd Row.—Work (tr, d-p-l, tr) into join of every 2 tr.

"FLOWER SPRAY" HANDKERCHIEF EDGE.

THIS edge was worked in No. 150

Mercer cotton, but looks equally nice when worked in coarser cotton.

Abbreviations.—Dc, double crochet; ch, chain; tr, treble; d-tr, double treble (cotton over hook twice); p, picot (5 ch, dc into 2nd, 1 ch); d-p-l, double picot loop (5 ch, dc into 2nd) twice, 1 ch.

1st Row.—Dc closely all round, starting at the corner.

2nd Row.—* (Tr, d-p-l, tr) into corner dc, 1 ch, p, 1 ch, miss 5 dc, 1 ch, p, 1 ch, miss 5 dc; repeat from * all round.

3rd Row.—Slip-stitch into centre of 1st d-p-l, * (tr, p, tr) all into same place, d-p-l, (d-tr into 2nd p of d-p-l, tr into each of the next 2 single p, d-tr into 1st p of next d-p-l, t-p-l) along side, working d-p-l, before working the corner picot loop; repeat from * all round.

"BASKET OF FLOWERS" HANDKERCHIEF EDGE.

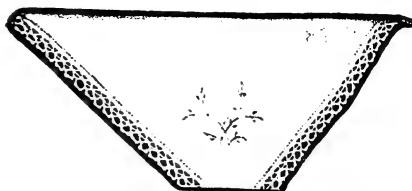
THIS edge was worked in No. 150 Mercer cotton, and looks well in a coarser cotton.

Abbreviations.—Dc, double crochet; ch, chain; tr, treble; p, picot (5 ch, dc into 2nd, 1 ch).

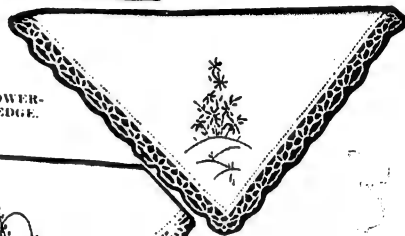
1st Row.—Dc closely all round, starting from corner.



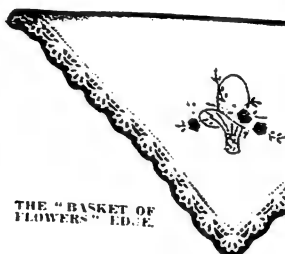
THE SANDWICH DOYLEY EDGE.



THE "FORGET-ME-NOT" EDGE.



THE "FLOWER-SPRAY" EDGE.



THE "BASKET OF FLOWERS" EDGE.

2nd Row.—* 7 tr into 1 dc, (2 ch, miss 2 dc, tr into next) 3 times, 2 ch; repeat from * all round, working 9 tr into corner dc.

3rd Row.—* 2 tr into 1st tr of fan, (p, miss 1 tr, 2 tr into next) 3 times—4 times at corners—p; repeat from * all round.

THE SANDWICH EDGE.

THIS edge, when worked in No. 80 Mercer cotton, measures $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in widest part.

Abbreviations.—Ch, chain; ch-l, chain loop; dc, double crochet; tr, treble; d-tr, double treble (cotton over hook twice); p, picot (5 ch, dc into 2nd, 1 ch).

1st Row.—Dc all round, working twice into some spaces, to keep work flat.

2nd Row.—* 7 d-tr worked off together, 3 ch, miss 4 dc, d-tr into next, 15 ch, tr into 4th ch, 3 ch, d-tr into same dc as last d-tr, 3 ch, miss 4 dc; repeat from * all round.

3rd Row.—Sl-st to 1st d-tr, * tr, p, tr into 4th ch, (p, tr into ch-l) 3 times, p, tr into tr, p, tr into d-tr; repeat from * all round.

TWO STRAY JOKES.

An Aberdonian who spent Christmas week-end with a friend in London, overstayed his welcome. His host thought a kindly hint would have the desired result.

"Don't you think," he said, "that your wife and family will want you to be with them at New Year?"

"Mon," replied the Aberdonian, "I believe you're right. It's rale thoctfu' o' you. I'll send for them."

Farmer—"Have 'ee any seats left?"

Box-Office Clerk—"Only stalls and boxes, sir."

Farmer—"Go on, what do 'ee take me for? A cart-horse?"

Your Social Graces.

To make a success of life, you must know the correct way to do on every occasion. Social blunders and breaches of etiquette result in loss of confidence and poise. In this series of articles, "Margaret," of "The Problem Club," takes step by step through the common courtesies of life. Follow her and you are sure to benefit by it.

BY "MARGARET."

4.—THE CHILDREN GROW UP.



It has become the custom of modern mothers to allow their sons and daughters of fifteen and sixteen to not only attend dances, but to give small, intimate dances to their friends in their own homes. These dances which are given either on Friday or Saturday night should never be later than twelve o'clock and should never be formal. When a girl or boy invites friends to a small dance, each guest is written in an informal note and the invitation is in the mother's name as well as the name of the boy or girl who is having the dance. An invitation of this description demands written acceptance or a refusal. The telephone is not used to assure the hostess of the presence of a guest who has been invited; rather does a meeting in the street bring forth a "Thanks for the invitation, sis; I'll be at the dance."

It is, of course, always a problem as to when the girl who has not definitely made her bow to polite society is escorted to or from a dance by her boy companions. Modern acceptance of the custom of allowing a girl to come home from a school dance or a little dance at a friend's home with one boy has opened the way for dispensing with the chaperon, and personally I am all for allowing the youngsters to become self-reliant and individual. The girl early in her life becomes used to the society of young men; she will be charmingly grateful for the attention paid to her and the growing boy entrusted with the care of a young girl will, I think, bring to all the latent chivalry that is in most men. The companionship of young boys and girls just becoming used to society is of such a nature that it fits them well for later life. Wise parents will encourage

friendships between their children and those of the opposite sex because of the benefits that will come through such friendships.

The schoolgirl may go unchaperoned with either girl or boy friends to tennis matches, school football games; she may play tennis with a boy, and she may even go to an afternoon movie with a boy of whom her parents approve. The boy should be encouraged to see the girl at home, when they may listen to the wireless or discuss some of the many problems that seem to make the world an alarming place to the young. The mother need not be in constant attendance. Aside from being considered a "blight" on the good times, the youngsters are having, it would seem to intimate that she did not trust her daughter. The mother must be in evidence, however, to greet the young caller and also to wish him "good-bye." Until the girl has "come out" or has reached the age of seventeen or eighteen I suggest that she should not be allowed to go out to "movies" at night with the young man who is claiming her attention at the time.

Dressing for Parties.

Every girl loves to dress up, and she longs for the time when she may wear the sophisticated clothes she sees on girls older than herself. During this "in-between" stage the wise mother sees that her daughter is well but suitably dressed. White and all the pastel shades were made for the young girl, and as she may wear a long dress she will feel very grown up and will begin to adopt the social airs that later will stand her in such good stead. When a little girl of my acquaintance, aged just fourteen and a half, went to her first school dance, her long frock was of palest pink net with three frills at the hemline. Her jacket was of taffetas in the same



toning, and in her hair she wore a tiny posy of pink rosebuds. With the fragrance of her youth, and excitement flushing her cheeks, she was a lovely sight, and what girl would ask more of a mother who could dress her in such a lovely but simple manner?

Young men at parties are still in the growing up stage, and as trousers cannot be lengthened and coats let out to accommodate growing limbs, a dark suit with spotless linen and tasteful tie is worn. The parents who can afford it will see that the lad gets his first dinner jacket as soon as possible. I have had many a boy complain to me that he just could not go to a dance because "all the other fellows have got a dinner jacket and I hate to be the only one not dressed." Sometimes for a very special occasion father may be prevailed on to allow his son to wear his—always providing that it fits. If you have read Booth Tarkington's amusing story, "Seventeen," you will remember Willie Baxter's impassioned plea on the subject of a boy's first dinner suit. Willie was laughed at for his request, stole his father's clothes, and got into the most awful difficulties as a result, but his beatific joy while wearing them repaid him for all the suffering his crime entailed. Seventeen or eighteen is the usual age when a boy should wear a dinner jacket, but he should wait until he is much older before donning the more formal attire of "tails."

Still "Growing Up."

Before a girl is seventeen she need not be introduced or addressed by her elders as "Miss." Boys of her own age will, however, use the more formal "Miss" when introducing her to their companions, but never on any ac-

(Continued on page 46.)

Felix The Cat

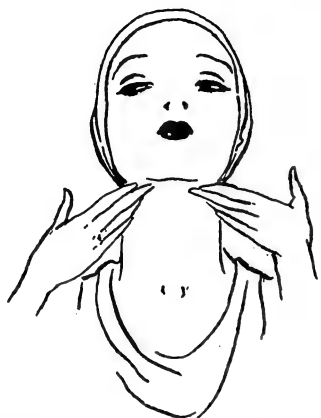
Told Weekly for Young and Old.



BOYS!
GIRLS!

HAVE YOU SEEN "THE ADVENTURES
OF FELIX"—No. 13—NOW ON SALE, 6d.

NOTE.—This Book is Not a Reprint from "The New Idea." All the Adventures are Entirely New.



Throats no longer young need special attention. Hormone cream, patted well into the throat, exercises and gentle massage will help them to beauty.



The popularity of the off-the-shoulder decolletage persists all the girls and women who wear them will have to begin to see that their shoulders are made lovely before the Winter comes. At all the fashion shows which I attended, I noticed that this line was a really lovely one and quite inspiring. With shoulders assuming a new importance in evening fashions, shapeliness is essential, and the skin must be clear and transparent.

There was a vogue not so long ago that when arms and shoulders were displayed a bleaching lotion was applied to make them look white, but nowadays all beauty fashions are natural. If the skin is a clear golden shade or an olive tone it can be as lovely as the skin which is white and fair to behold.

How then may we acquire this shapely line which is so necessary, if we are to be smart and well groomed in the new gowns for glamorous nights? In the first place, you must study the line of the shoulders. If you have little lumps on either side of the shoulders, treat them to a spot of massage. Place the palm of each hand over the hump, fingers towards the back, with the thumb supporting the top front. Press, rotate and knead without moving the fingers from the hump. You will not like the feeling at first, but like everything else, you will get used to it.

Next you must get rid of all the bad habits that make little humps appear. Have you a little hump just at the back of the neck? You know what to do about that; hold the head up in the correct position. Do not sit forward with the shoulders humped as you sew or read. When you bend over a desk, do not let the head hang forward as though it had nothing to do with the body. When you walk, hold the head

Speaking Frankly.

You Must Have Lovely Shoulders, Eyes and Throats for Glamour.

Conducted by "Priscilla."

erect and the shoulders in the correct walking position; most important of all try sleeping with one pillow. Let the pillow be as flat as possible, and you will find that the contours of the neck will improve quite a lot. Never sleep with the chin tucked in under the neck, and try to sleep with the body in one straight line. If you will tuck your knees up, then naturally the head comes down in the curved line.

Perhaps you find the shoulders are much too big, then try slenderising them with this movement. Bend the arms at the elbows, tuck the arms in at the sides, with the forearms held forward. Now lift the shoulders up and over and back, completing small circles, and lifting them out of their customary stiffness into a new and engaging lissomness. Practise this exercise a dozen times in succession, and whenever you can. Three or four times daily will not be too often.

The Eyes Have "It."

Yes, but only sometimes. It seems to me that whenever I pick up a paper and read what some visiting beauty specialist says about Australian girls, there is always some condemnation on our carelessness in giving the eyes proper attention. This morning only I read an interview with an Australian girl who had been doing a course of beauty culture abroad, and she specially mentions the fact that Australian women neglect their eyes.

Eyes are important, and every night before going to bed, an eye bath should be given. Pour a little special eye lotion into the eye bath and see that the eyes are washed thoroughly in it. When this is done, take some cream, or anti-wrinkle cream, and pat thoroughly into the skin around the eyes, and also pat some gently into the eyelids. If you are going out for the evening, soak pads of cotton wool in the eye lotion and lie down quietly for ten or fifteen minutes. It will make a world of difference to your appearance and the way you feel.

The women of our country seem to be afraid of eye make-up, and when they are not afraid of it they overdo it. If the eyes are well made up, it will enhance the glamour of your looks. Many of you write to me and say that your eyelashes are scanty. Here is the answer for you: When you are making up and you want to make your eyelashes to look longer and more luxuri-

ant, curlier and darker than nature made them, use eyelash grower and darkener. The use of this aid to beauty will enrich the appearance of the eyelashes, will groom the eyebrows to a neat line and will serve as a very subtle eyeshadow.

In the sketch drawn for you on this page you will see a young lady giving the final touch to her eyes. Her eyelashes and eyebrows have been groomed, and now she is applying just a drop of Herbal Eye Tissue oil to each eyelid, and is smoothing it gently over the eyelid. Just a drop on each eyelid will give the eyes an enchanting gleam and the faintest hint of sophistication.

Never make the mistake of applying too much make-up to the eyes, for if you do, you will simply make yourself look very hard, and there will be nothing soft about the eyes. The eyes should always have that soft, dewy look that keeps them youthful and lovely.

Ageing and Wrinkled Throats.

It is an amazing thing how women will cleanse and massage the face, give themselves a charming make-up and yet forget to give the throat the same treatment. That is why you will see

(Continued on page 48.)



A little dash of herbal tissue oil adds glamour and sophistication to the eyes.

A Lesson In Chic.

Important Points to Memorise Before Buying Your New Outfit for Winter.

BY HELEN DRUMMOND.



Often one sees a girl in the street who is very well dressed, but there is just something about her that is not quite right. It is difficult to immediately pick out the wrongness, but it is there; and for you short girls and tall girls, here are some extremely important points that you must remember when you go shopping for a new outfit for the Winter.

Hints for the Small Girl.

There are basic rules for the small girl, and she must carefully think them out. The aim of good dressing is to achieve a very neat, fine drawn chic by dressing very simply. You must avoid everything that is cute, bitty or ornate. Remember quite innocent details can acquire these vices when placed against a person of small proportions. You must aim at tallness, and please do not ever play the baby doll, look coy and don't lisp.

Vertical lines will do wonders for you, horizontal lines will do the reverse. You must aim at straight sleeves, buttons down the front and vertical tucks or pleats—but do not overdo them. If you have very marked contrasts of jacket and skirt you will cut your height, so please, if you want a plaid jacket and plain skirt, choose a plaid that will more or less fade into the toning of the skirt. Avoid peplums, yokes, frills and many pockets, like the plague. Keep your skirts short, your jackets brief and fitted, and your top-coat full length. Black is marvellous for you, and two colours at once is quite sufficient.

Small hats are your best bet. You can have the brims turned up in the new height, for that will give you height also. Don't be persuaded to buy a large hat. A hat on Tyrolean lines with a large drooping brim will cover you like a mushroom, and will swamp your per-



Touches of patent leather make a pleasing contrast to a plain tailored court shoe in navy blue antelope. First we had hog-skin gloves and bags, and now Fashion says hog-skin shoes. The and across the instep is interesting.

sonality. Keep your hair well groomed. Sleek it close to your head like a cap. The new "brushed-up" effect will be kind to you, but do avoid a fluffy effect, for that will make you look "dolly," and also top-heavy.

Accessories are of course always important; but the small woman has many things to bear in mind when buying hers. They must be cut down to a minimum—both in quantity and size. One good lapel-clip or bracelet is permissible; a small neat scarf, a narrow belt and a compact bag. Never wear long haired, heavy furs; a flat tailored collar of fur, or a small stone marten necklet, is all you can wear. Yet how many short girls will persist in wearing long silver fox scarfs. Keep your shoes as simple as possible.

What the Tall Girl Must Avoid.

Never develop an inferiority complex because you are taller than your girl friends, and don't do all the wrong things to minimise your height. Don't stoop, and don't stick to flat heels unless they happen to suit you. Enjoy your height, and make something of it. Enjoy all the opportunities your height gives you of being chic in a big way.

Your general lines are important. You must develop a top-heavy silhouette—big shoulders, a built-up bosom, tiny nipped waist and slim hips. You must cut your height with contrasts. A very gay plaid jacket with a plain skirt and longer jackets are perfection for you, and skirts should be short. Avoid any line that will make you appear longer—V-necks, princess dresses and vertical stripes. Use horizontal seaming, tucks, stripes and contrasting belts. You can wear strong colours, and several of them at once.

Of course, you will never wear a very small hat. Have a wide hat to balance your weight—shallow crowned but shoulder width, and if you like them the brim rolling up with a careless air. If it suits your face you may wear the cloche hat, or those slouch felts that pull well over the eyes.

Your hair must be fairly full for the sake of proportion, a close sleek coiffure will make your head look tiny at the top of your long body. If you wear an Edwardian coiffure it must be carefully adapted for you.



Teal blue felt is used to make this hat, fashioned on Mexican sombrero lines. The lines are new, high in the crown, and with a wide drooping brim.

Fur is used extensively on the new turbans for Winter, and on a nigger brown velvet, topped with a flat velvet bow, we find fur sweeping softly around the front of the upturned brim.

You, unlike the small sister, may let yourself go in the matter of accessories. The bigger and bolder the better. Plaster on a huge clip, load your wrist with bracelets, and gird your waist with a wide belt. Avoid long pointed shoes, for you must keep your feet as short as possible by wearing short vamped shoes.

Now that you know the answers go right ahead and do your shopping for Autumn and Winter, and I am sure you will be delighted with the improvement in your appearance.

The Revival of the Petticoat.

Just recently at a Fashion Show, I saw a very delightful "petticoat frock." The frock was black, cut on simple tailored lines, but the tiny collar, which was really just a band ending in a bow tie in front, was of vivid Stuart tartan, and the tartan was repeated at the cuffs of the short sleeves, and made the petticoat which hung about two inches below the skirt of the frock.

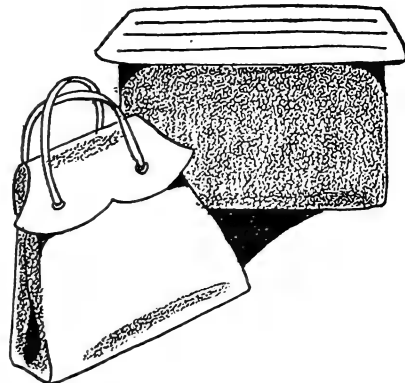
Petticoats are worn at night beneath the full romantic skirts of the evening gown of the moment. There are two lines this season, of course, the full romantic one and the slender tailored line. Molyneux has, of course, gone all out for the Directoire model, and for the woman with the lovely figure and small rounded bust this is charming and delightful. The full skirt in lace and tulle and chiffon is just as popular as the same dress in taffeta and duchesse satin. One dress made recently in Paris by a famous dressmaker had 3,500 yards of Valenciennes lace ruched all over it. The lace was dyed in different colours to form a futuristic design.

Waist lines are slender, and shoulder lines may droop in the evening, and often the shoulder straps are outlined with narrow ruchings. One frock I saw recently was of magenta tulle with the inevitable full skirt. Interest was given to the frock by a wide panel down the centre front of shirring. The waist was emphasised by a wide corselet belt softly fitted into the waist, and the brassiere top finished with rows of ruching. Imagine an evening gown made entirely of tiny ruchings of black velvet ribbon mounted on net.

The dinner gown of midnight blue has certainly made an impression this season. I have seen it quite often in different collections, and it is usually of velvet with a heart-shaped décolletage and tiny puff sleeves. The skirt full and graceful, but not over full. The line of the skirt although full is long and flowing, and sometimes when sleeves are used they are long and loose, and show a lining of insets of subtle shades of vari-coloured satin.



Bags have taken on a new importance, and interesting leathers and shapes make them chic. This pouch-bag of suede matches the shoe, which is of suede and patent leather.



Another set of bags, this time of leather. The top one is the popular envelope shape, and the lower the old-fashioned money-bag type.

The Modern Woman—

Is greedy for new toys. She is buying frivolous little jewelled combs for her hair, muffs of all sizes for both day and night wear. She pins bows on everything, on her hair, her muff and her tailored suit. She tucks an old-fashioned watch on a long chain in the pocket of her suit. She collects tinkling baubles for her chatelaine and for her charm bracelet. Mad hatpins, barbaric Indian necklaces, she places a brilliant butterfly in her hair, or she drapes a chain of brilliant stones across her coiffure at night. In fact, there is nothing that she fancies that she will not use to the limit. The new woman is rakish, and yet demure. She will wear a crinoline of black velvet, and in her hair she will pin a tuft of feathers, or will wear a bonnet of velvet ribbon much in the manner grandmother wore her bonnet long years ago.

Fashion Thoughts.

An ideal play- or sun-suit is worn by Paramount's Shirley Ross in "Paris Honeymoon," starring Bing Crosby and Francisca Gaal. Navy blue starched linen shorts, striped in beige, have a tucked-in blouse or jumper of beige hopsacking with short, pleated sleeves. Navy and beige coolie shoes, a cartwheel hat of natural straw to guard against over-sunning, and a bandanna of bright hues to tie the hat to the head are colourful details.

One phase of the "Zaza" craze inspired throughout fashion circles by Claudette Colbert, Paramount star in the film of this title, is the revival of petticoats. For Autumn, black crepe dresses with full, short skirts will swish over white or coloured petticoats intentionally longer than the dresses. Typical of the coquetry in feminine style of that period, these frou-frou items are "in" for the coming trend, combined with extremely simple fashions.

Scorning vivid colours recently favoured by Hollywood's feminine fashion contingent, Gail Patrick is wearing grey for daytime and for formal evening functions this season. Grey wool daytime costumes figure prominently in the Paramount's star's wardrobe for "Disbarred," and the "gown of the week" for evening is her romantic chiffon dance dress. The full, graceful skirt and moulded, draped bodice are sprinkled with an all-over glitter of tiny spangled stars. Grey crepe sandals carry out the soft colour theme of the costume.

Attention to detail is the essence of a smart woman's chic. Don't spend all your money on a beautiful coat and hat, then carry a disreputable bag, or wear darned stockings. Accessories can make or mar your appearance.

"The New Idea" Pattern Service

No. 433.—Sizes, 34 and 36 in. bust. Price, 10d., post free (stamps or postal notes). Material required: 1 and 7/8-yds. of 36 in. These dainty step-ins are made on the same lines as the petticoat, and go towards making up a very lovely lingerie set. Materials suitable are silk, satin or voile.

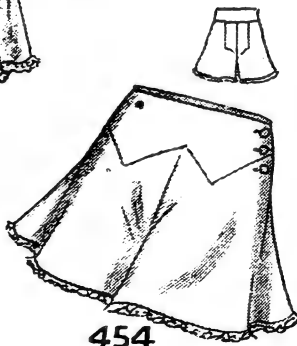
No. 434.—Sizes, 28 and 30 waist. Price, 10d., post free (stamps or postal notes). Material required: For 28 in. waist, 1 1/2 yds. of 36 in. For 30 in. waist, 1 and 5/8-yds of 36 in. Well-cut scanties with a pointed waistband. The edges are lace trimmed to match the rest of the set. Materials suitable are silk, satin or voile.



440



453



454



450

No. 440.—Sizes, 34, 36 and 38 in. bust. Price, 1/1, post free (stamps or postal notes). Material required: For 34 in. bust, 1 and 5/8-yds. of 56 in. For 36 in. bust, 2 yds. of 56 in. For 38 in. bust, 2 and 1/8-yds. of 56 in. A double-breasted light-weight cut for Autumn. Rows of stitching on the collar and cuffs form the only trimming. Materials suitable are light-weight wool or tweed.

No. 450.—Sizes, 40 and 42 in. bust. Price, 1/1, post free (stamps or postal notes). Material required: For 40 in. bust, 4 1/2 yds. of 38 in. For 42 in. bust, 4 and 7/8-yds. of 38 in. A becoming style for a larger figure. All the lines are designed to give a slimming effect. The waistcoat effect in the bodice is very charming. Outside stitchings form the only trimming. Materials suitable are light wool or silk.

State size and address orders to Pattern Dept., "The New Idea," G.P.O. Box 777 H, Melbourne, C.I. Victoria.
Please order patterns carefully, quoting number and size, as patterns cannot be exchanged.

More Winter Styles for Readers.

No. 445.—Sizes, 32, 34 and 36 in. bust. Price, 1/1, post free (stamps or postal notes). Material required: For 32 and 34 in. bust, 2½ yds. of 56 in. For 36 in. bust, 2¾ yds. of 56 in. The coat of this suit has a shaped basque, square lapels, and a tailored belt. The skirt has an inverted pleat at the centre back and front. Materials suitable are tweed, flannel or wool.



420

No. 420.—To fit 6 to 8 years. Price, 10d., post free (stamps or postal notes). Material required: For 6 years, 1½ yds. of 54 in. For 8 years, 1¾ yds. of 54 in. A double-breasted coat with a square collar. The skirt is flared except for the straight centre front panel, and outside stitchings form the only trimming. Materials suitable are light-weight wool or tweed.



445



422

No. 422.—To fit 4 to 6 years. Price, 10d., post free (stamps or postal notes). Material required: For 4 years, 1½ yds. of 36 in., and ¼ yd. of contrast. For 6 years, 1¾ yds. of 36 in., and ¼ yd. of contrast. Nothing is more charming for a cool weather party frock than velveteen. This frock has the collar, jabot, sleeves and pockets trimmed with gathered silk frills. Materials suitable are velvet or velveteen.

State size and address orders to Pattern Dept., "The New Idea," G.F.O. Box 777H, Melbourne, C.I. Victoria.
Please order patterns carefully, quoting number and size, as patterns cannot be exchanged.

Knit It in Her School Colours!



THE COMPLETED KNITTED JUMPER FOR THE GIRL OF 12 TO 14 YEARS.

MATERIALS.—8 ozs. of 4-ply Wool in Navy; 1 oz. in Yellow (or any other colour could be substituted); 1 pair of No. 9 knitting needles; 1 set of 4 No. 12 knitting needles.

Measurements.—Length of Jumper from shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins.; length of sleeve from underarm, 18 ins.; to fit 30 to 32 in. bust.

Tension.—7 sts to 1 inch in width; 8 rows to 1 inch in depth.

Abbreviations.—K. knit; p. purl; sts. stitches; tog., together.

The Back.

Using No. 12 needles cast on 108 sts, and knit first row into backs of stitches.

Next Row.—* K 1, p 1; repeat from * to end.

Repeat last row 10 times more. Then change to yellow wool.

Next Row.—Knit right across.

Next Row.—* K 1, p 1; repeat from * to end.

Repeat last row twice more. Change to navy wool.

Next Row.—Knit right across.

Next Row.—* K 1, p 1; repeat from * to end.

Repeat last row twice more. Change to yellow wool.

Next Row.—Knit right across.

Next Row.—* K 1, p 1; repeat from * to end.

Repeat last row twice more. Change to navy wool.

Next Row.—Knit right across.

Next Row.—* K 1, p 1; repeat from * to end.

Repeat last row 10 times.

Now change to No. 9 needles, and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row.—Knit.

2nd Row.—Purl.

3rd Row.—* K 2, p 2; repeat from * to end.

4th Row.—As 3rd row.

These 4 rows form 1 pattern, and are repeated 19 times more.

81st Row.—Cast off 6 sts, k to end.

82nd Row.—Cast off 6 sts, p to end.

83rd Row.—K 2 tog., * k 2, p 2; repeat from * to end with k 2 tog.

84th Row.—K 1 tog., k 1, * p 2, k 2; repeat from * to end with p 1, p 2 tog.

85th Row.—K 2 tog., k until 2 sts remain, k 2 tog.

86th Row.—P 2 tog., p until 2 sts remain, p 2 tog.

87th Row.—As 83rd row.

88th Row.—As 84th row.

Now repeat first pattern rows until the 31st pattern row is completed.

Shape shoulders by casting off 8

sts at the commencement of the next

4 rows, and then cast off 6 sts at the

commencement of the following 2

rows. Cast off remaining sts.

A Jumper for the Miss of 12-14 Years.

BY RITA MACK.

The Front.

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 116 sts, and knit the band as instructed for the back. Change to No. 9 needles, and repeat the 4 pattern rows 10 times in all. Then shape neck as follows:

65th Row.—K 56, k 2 tog., turn, leaving remaining sts on spare needle.

66th Row.—Purl.

67th Row.—* K 2, p 2; repeat from * until 3 sts remain, p 1, p 2 tog.

68th Row.—* K 2, p 2; repeat from * to end.

69th Row.—K until 2 sts remain, k 2 tog.

70th Row.—Purl.

71st Row.—* K 2, p 2; repeat from * until 3 sts remain, k 1, k 2 tog.

72nd Row.—* P 2, k 2; repeat from * ending with p 2.

73rd Row.—K until 2 sts remain, k 2 tog.

74th Row.—Purl.

Repeat from 67th to 72nd row inclusive.

81st Row.—Cast off 6 sts, k until 2 sts remain, k 2 tog.

82nd Row.—Purl.

83rd Row.—K 2 tog., * k 2, p 2; repeat from * ending with p 1, p 2 tog.

84th Row.—* K 2, p 2; repeat from * ending with p 1, p 2 tog.

85th Row.—K 2 tog., k until 2 sts remain, k 2 tog.

86th Row.—Purl until 2 sts remain, p 2 tog.

87th Row.—K 2 tog., * k 2, p 2; repeat from * ending with k 1, k 2 tog.

88th Row.—* P 2, k 2; repeat from * ending with p 1, p 2 tog.

Now continue to work in pattern and decrease at the neck edge in the next and every alternate row until

22 sts remain.

Continue then in pattern without further decreasing until the 31st pattern is completed.

Shape shoulders as follows:

125th Row.—Cast off 8 sts, k to end.

126th Row.—Purl.

127th Row.—Cast off 8 sts, k 1,

p 2, k 2; repeat from * to end.

128th Row.—P 2, k 2, p 2.

Cast off these remaining 6 sts.

Returning to sts that were left in wool at neck edge, and work as follows:

65th Row.—K 2 tog., k to end.

(Continued on page 49.)

A Lovely Hooded Dressing-Gown

*Make Bedtime a Pleasure for
Your 4-Year-Old by Knitting
Her this Simply Gorgeous
Dressing-Gown!*

BED-TIME is something to look forward to—almost!—if you can wear a lovely Dressing-Gown with a hood, like this. The thick blanket wool has such a soft, cosy feel and it seems to get itself knitted up wonderfully fast. Would you like white with a red cord and bobbles like the one in the picture, or green with a brown cord? Choose something to match the nursery paint, or the colours in your eiderdown.

Materials.—16 ozs. Blanket Wool in white; 1 oz. Paton's Super Scotch Fingering, 4-ply, red, No. 55; a pair No. 8 and a pair No. 5 "Beehive" needles; 1 button.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder, 22 ins.; width all round at underarm, 28 ins.; sleeve seam, 9½ ins.

Tension.—4 stitches to an inch unpressed.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; sts, stitches; tog., together.

The Back.

With No. 5 needles cast on 65 sts.

1st Row.—Knit. **2nd Row.**—K 1, p 1 alternately to end, finishing k 1. Repeat these 2 rows, decreasing at each end of every 12th row until 51 sts remain.

Work 15 patterns (30 rows) straight.

Shape armhole by casting off 4 sts at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of next and every alternate row until 37 sts remain. Work 10 patterns (20 rows) straight, then shape shoulders by casting off 3 sts at beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

Left Front.

Cast on 40 sts and work in pattern, decreasing at side edge in every 12th row until 33 sts remain. Work 15 patterns (30 rows) straight, then shape armhole by casting off 6 sts at beginning of next row, work to end and back, then k 2 tog. at beginning of next and following 2 alternate rows.

Work 18 rows straight. Here, with back of work towards you, start neck shaping. Cast off 9, work in pattern to end. K 2 tog. at neck edge on next 2 rows.

Next Row.—Cast off 3, work in pattern to last 2 sts, k 2 tog. **Next Row.**—K 2 tog., work in pattern to end.

Repeat last 2 rows once more. Cast off.

Right Front.

Work exactly as for left front, but reverse shapings.

The Sleeves.

Cast on 36 sts and work 50 rows in pattern. Shape top by casting off 4 sts at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of every row until 10 remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve the same.

The Hood.

Cast on 50 sts and work 44 rows in pattern. Shape top by casting off 5 sts at beginning of each of next 10 rows.

Cable Strips.

Front Edge.—With No. 8 needles, cast on 10 sts.

1st Row.—K 1, p 8, k 1. **2nd Row.**—P 1, k 8, p 1.

3rd Row.—As 1st row. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows once more.



COMPLETED HOODED DRESSING-GOWN FOR 4-YEAR-OLD.

6th Row.—P 1, slip next 4 sts on to a spare needle, knit next 4 sts, knit the 4 sts on spare needle, p 1.

7th Row.—As 3rd row. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows 3 times. The last 8 rows form pattern. Repeat them 44 more times, or for length required. Cast off.

Cuffs.—Work first 5 rows of above pattern, then work rows 6 to 14 eight times. Cast off.

To Make Up.

Press work only very slightly, then sew together side, shoulder and sleeve seams; insert sleeves. Join seam at top of hood, then stitch lower edge to neck. Stitch cable edging to neck and all round front and hood.

With red wool make 2 small pom-poms in the usual way over 2 cardboard discs. With remaining wool make a twisted cord for girdle. Crochet 2 slots for girdle and stitch in position. Make a loop at neck for buttonhole and sew button on opposite side to correspond.

The Problem Club

Conducted By

Margaret



HAVE you a problem of a personal nature that is worrying you? Do you feel in need of the advice of a mature, unbiassed mind? Then tell your troubles to "Margaret," but it is important to read the notice on this page first.

Special Note to Contributors to The Problem Club.

We are receiving so many letters from readers seeking advice through The Problem Club, that it is quite impossible to reply to them all. To deal more adequately with the more important problems we have increased the space occupied by The Problem Club, but even so it will still be impossible to reply to all the letters received. The situation is complicated by readers who send problems that are really outside the scope of The Problem Club, which was essentially inaugurated to deal with purely personal problems.

If a reply to your problem is not published, it is because there was no space after dealing with more pressing cases.

If your problem is very urgent, or of too intimate a nature for a reply through "The New Idea," send 1/- in stamps or postal note, together with a stamped and addressed envelope to "The New Idea," The Problem Club, Box 171, G. P. O., Melbourne, C.I. Victoria, for a personal reply by post.

Forget All About Him.

"Broken Hearted."—Of course this being your first love affair, you are bound to take it very seriously, and all its many facts will present alarming proportions to you. You have allowed yourself to be duped by a man who seems to have no scruples at all in getting what he wants. I suggest to you that you begin right away to forget all about him. He is of no use to you and you will only grow more and more unhappy. You should make it your business to meet other girls and boys and surely there are ways and means of doing this. There is one thing I want you to do, and that is to drop this young man.

As soon as this girl leaves your town, he will be after you and he will have plenty of excuses to offer you. If he is the flirt people say he is, and if you know that he writes to all these girls, why cannot you give him up? I think you should do so, and as he leaves your town very soon, I think it will be a good thing for you. If you think you would be happier working away from where you now live, by all means take the step. If your parents will agree it might mean all the happiness in the world to you, but I think you should have a little more knowledge of the world and the ways of men with maids before you take a big step such as going away. At any rate wait a little, but in the meantime refuse to see this young man. He will be surprised and think all the more of you. My best wishes for your happiness.

A Letter with a Request.

Miss H. L.—Many thanks for your letter. I am so sorry to know of your sad loss, and do hope that time will heal your sorrow. Only those of us who have known bereavement can realise just what the loss means. Would you think me very rude if I did not send you a snap of myself? You see, the object of this Problem Club is to keep my identity as far as possible a secret. To tell the world who I am would defeat the purpose of

The Problem Club, and women would not feel they could write to me as openly as they do. Your good wishes are appreciated by me, and your hopes for my future will, I hope, be realised. You have all my good wishes, and as you have sent for a "Wedding Bells" Book, I presume you are to be married. I hope your future will be as bright as possible.

Had Nothing Saved.

"Lots of Luck" writes: "I am taking the liberty of writing to you and telling you how much we appreciate and enjoy your pages in 'The New Idea.' Although we ourselves have no problem to solve in life, we certainly may have had had it not been for your pages. I have just been reading your page in February 3 issue, and decided to write you in reply to one woman who complains of getting married on nothing. My husband is 16 years my senior, and sorry to say, before we married 12 months ago, he nor I had saved almost nothing. I am just 19 years and 3 months now. When we first married our furniture had to be bought on hire purchase, and we're still paying for it. I might say I'm earning 16/5/- per week. Here is how we have managed with a week's pay: He keeps 1/-; I/- goes each week into the post office; 1/- for rent, also 1/- every week for furniture; and for meat, vegetables and groceries and little needs I allow 11/10/-, leaving 10/- over to carry me through for bread and tea for the coming week. During the last few months we have kept all odd pence aside, and have bought a layette and cot, and also saved enough to pay all doctors and hospital bills for my confinement, which will be anytime now. So whoever says they cannot get married with nothing saved beforehand is wrong, to my idea. As long as one's loved ones are happy, what does it matter if you don't live in a palace or have everything one wants?"

Yours are the letters I like to receive. It has always been my contention that young people can marry on a very little if they have the will to go without luxuries and be content to save and budget every penny. You have done a very successful job, and what you have done can be done by every young man and woman of character. The fault lies with the young folk themselves, for when girls marry they want to have everything so that they may display their possessions to girl friends. In the past girls have A

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married and fought their way side by side with their husbands. There were no motor-cars, no movies, or any of the things which we consider so necessary for a design for modern living. If we were only content with what we have or what we may obtain through our own efforts, the youth of to-day would be content to marry on very little. The joy of possessing some little thing which has been obtained by saving zealously is something real and tangible, and there is a thrill about it that does not come from walking into a house which has every comfort and luxury. Girls should never be afraid to marry if the man has a good job, can save and be content with a little on which to start. Thank you for your letter, and I hope you will be happy all your days.

Should a Glory Box be Displayed?

Miss G. J.—There is no law of etiquette concerning the displaying of a glory box, but I should think your sweetheart would enjoy seeing a little of it. I would not bore him by displaying all your little bits and pieces, but should you be excited and proud over something you have worked or have had given to you, I should think he would like to see the article and share your pleasure. It would of course, be much better to show the box when you are engaged. To show it to a young man before being engaged would not be correct or in the best taste.

Good Health Essential.

"Bright Eyes."—Of course, a girl always runs a risk when she marries a man who is not 100 per cent. in good health. I do not think the withered arm is such a drawback if the young man is able to work, but I do think the headaches and the very bad ears a drawback. It sounds rather serious to me, and I suggest that before you promise to marry this man you have him come to Melbourne, as you suggest, and have a specialist look him over. Modern surgery is of such a high standard these days that one need not be afraid. The girl whom you quote must have had a very weak heart, and that was the cause of her death. It might be just some little ailment that needs adjusting, and I think your young man is foolish not to have the matter attended to before it grows worse. Thank you for the nice things you say about me, and I hope you will have a very happy future.

Under an Obligation.

"Kilmore" writes: "I am about 20 years old, and am going with a man in his late twenties; we shall call him A.—. About 12 months ago he did me a big service which caused him both time and worry, and the understanding was that I should marry him. In the meantime I have fallen in love with a younger man, B.—, who is also in love with me, and wants to marry me. 'Margaret,' what am I to do? I am terribly worried. Please answer me in your pages as soon as possible, and I will be very grateful."

In honour you are bound to marry this man who helped you so greatly at one time, but on the other hand I do not think any man would want a girl to marry him simply because she was grateful. To be successful, marriage must have lots of love on both sides. A one-sided marriage is a big mistake, for one or other of the contracting parties spend a miserable life until they decide to accept their fate. I can only suggest you tell this young man the truth, and ask him if he could possibly release you from your promise? Of course, you must be quite sure that this other young man really wants to marry you, and is honestly in love with you. It would be rather dreadful for you if, after breaking with the first young man, you find that you still love him, and for this reason I want you to be quite sure of your feelings before you attempt to do anything at all. Examine your heart very thoroughly, and ask yourself which of the two men you would miss most if they were

suddenly taken out of your life. Do not do anything in a hurry, but when you have made up your mind you must do the honourable thing, and if the decision goes against the young man whom you have known for so long you must abide by his answer. I say this because I am quite sure you are really fond of him, and could make a life with him. However, if you feel that this is impossible you must give him up, for a marriage without love is not to be considered for one moment. My very best wishes.

Is Seven Years Younger.

"Anxious" writes: "During Christmas, while I was visiting my home town, I met a boy, who, as he expressed, has 'fallen for me.' He is particularly nice, and gave me a marvellous time during my stay. The question is this: He is 21 years of age, and I am 28 years. The public take me for 22 to 24 years. I am only slight, and 5 feet tall, so I do not look my age. I cannot, for boys of eighteen ask me to go out with them. I am young in my ways, and

(Continued on page 42.)

Easter-time is

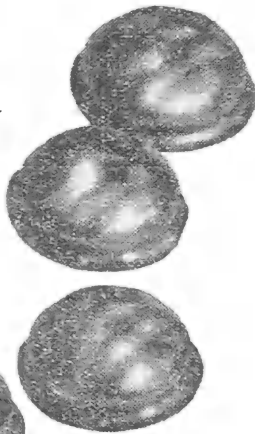


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If you want advice about the coming of baby, the care of him after birth, or anything connected with Motherhood, seek a reply from "Sincerity," who is a renowned authority on Infant Welfare. Only one question must be asked at one time. Questions deemed to be outside the scope of this department, or liable to offend the susceptibilities of our readers, will be disregarded. If your problem is of a very intimate nature, send a 1/- in stamps or postal note for a personal reply by mail. Your problem will then be dealt with promptly—and at length. No personal replies by mail will be made unless the application is accompanied by 1/- (penny stamps preferred). For personal replies address letters to "The New Idea," (The Problem Club), Box 2778, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.I. Victoria, giving full name and postal address. Don't use nom-de-plumes. All correspondence will be regarded as strictly confidential. For replies through "The New Idea," address to "Sincerity."

"Lilliam" writes to ask advice about iodised salt in chocolates for use in cases of enlarged thyroid.

I have not come across iodised salt in chocolates, but iodised salt is used very extensively in some places where a number of cases of goitre are found. If children have enlarged thyroid glands they should be under medical supervision to receive proper treatment. It would not be of much use just to give the iodised salts, without getting proper instructions from the doctor. It is not very usual for a child of seven to have that condition, you should take her to your doctor, he will give her some treatment to clear it up. Do not let it go on, for the longer it is left the harder will it be to treat. This could quite account for her getting so tired.

Mrs. F. H.—I have asked the agent to send you particulars of the Baby

Safe Cot. Although it is a patent, several firms have made them on the same lines, but have missed some of the most important features. So be sure to get the cot with "Baby-Safe Cot" stamp and patent number, and that it unscrews and packs flat for transport. I don't think any of the "copied" cots do this.

Mrs. J. H. has written for some advice which is impossible to give fully in these pages.

My dear, I feel sure it is just shyness which prevents you writing to me personally. It would have been so much better if you had. That is a very usual happening, and mostly corrects itself in time. Plenty of boroglyceride ointment should be used. There is nothing to worry about. Things gradually adjust themselves.

"Anxious Gladys" has much the same problem as Mrs. J. H.

Yes, that is quite true, but it has nothing to do with conception. If this period does not come at all, and you miss the next one, then you would have reason to think you might be going to have a babe; but it may just be a little overdue, and will come later. Don't worry about things—quite a lot of adjustments have to be made, you'll find everything will settle down in time. Your life has become so very different, hasn't it? This change alone often causes irregularity. Best of luck to you.

Mrs. C. W. had a very bitter disappointment some months ago. She is living in hopes of another little babe to help console her.

You have my deepest sympathy. It does seem hard after all those months of waiting and preparation. As the doctor says there is no reason why you should not have another babe, I don't think you need worry. Many doctors order wheat-germ oil. It contains certain vitamins which it is thought may affect pregnancy. I think this must be the product you mean. There really is nothing certain. I'm afraid it is not quite as easy as that! I think if you are patient, everything will be all right. I think

diet does make a difference. You want to take plenty of whole-grain cereals and salads and fresh fruits and green vegetables and milk. You should have wholemeal bread and wholemeal scones. There are some very good wholegrain cereals on the market. Any of these could be sprinkled on your breakfast cereal, or taken with stewed fruit.

I wonder have you been for a holiday since your disappointment? If you could get away to the seaside for a while, you would be better. Try and take up some hobby, such as gardening, this would keep you in the fresh air and give you plenty of exercise, and be a great interest. You are far more likely to get your wish if you are happy and healthy, and have outside interests, and do not think too much about wanting a babe. You are quite young, and really have plenty of time before you. So don't try to rush things.

"Hopeful" is looking forward with great joy to her little baby.

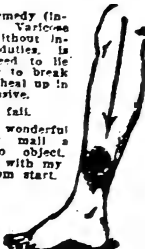
Yes, indeed, the joy of the coming babe certainly is good payment for some of the discomforts of pregnancy. The patterns are supplied free on receipt of postage. I think you are very wise to start early with your preparations, for one thing they do not then become a burden to you, and another is that they are a very great interest and joy, and take your mind off some of your discomforts. It is bad luck that you are having a bad time with that wretched sickness. I hope you have spoken to your doctor about it. He would be able to give you something to relieve it. There are heaps of simple remedies when it is not severe, but when it is severe a doctor should always be asked to treat it. I expect you have already tried glucose-D and lemon juice? To take it frequently through the day, and a large drink at night on going to bed is usually very helpful. Take 2 to 3 teaspoons of it in lemon juice or other fruit juice or water. The lemon juice is best. Before getting out of bed in the morn-

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ing, take a dry biscuit or rusk, followed by tea with lemon juice and glucose-D in it, that is, if you take your tea sweetened. Injections are sometimes given for morning sickness, and there are other treatments; but, of course, the doctor would decide which would be the most suitable in your case. Yes, it is unusual to be sick night and day. So do get the doctor's advice about it. You are indeed fortunate in having such a helpful husband. I am quite sure you deserve your good fortune. Best of luck.

"Wonderer."—There is nothing for you to worry about, probably a tiny little vein broke, and made just a little sore. Dab it occasionally with a little methylated spirits (bought from the chemist), then dust with equal parts of powdered starch and boracic. Tell the doctor when you go to see him. I think you are very wise to go to the doctor for an overhaul before getting married. If more people did this, there would be far less sorrow in the world. You have nothing to be frightened or nervous about, doctors are very understanding people and will just think you a very sensible person to go to him. I think you are a very lucky girl. I feel sure the man you are to marry is a splendid person, and I would like to congratulate him on his attitude, he is quite right. In reference to your first question: No, it makes no difference either way; people are made differently, that is all.

"Wondering" has had a great sorrow in the loss of a dear wee son.

You have my deepest sympathy. Yes, my dear, the doctor would know from certain symptoms, and through his stethoscope the condition of a heart. An X-ray would not be used. No, the ether would not have had any effect in that way. No one can say the cause. These things sometimes happen. I am quite sure nothing more could have been done to save him. It would be very unlikely for the next baby to be affected in the same way. You may set your mind at rest about that. It would be best to ask the doctor regarding the time, but I should think that would be quite all right, if you are feeling quite strong and well yourself by then.

Mrs. E. M. M. is a very happy little mother-to-be, who is on the "waiting" list. She is anxious to know how she can get some support for her "tummy." She had an abdominal operation quite recently.

As you have never worn corsets, I should think an abdominal belt would be sufficient support for you; although a well-fitting maternity corset might be better for you on account of hav-

ing had that operation. These are specially made to support the abdomen, and must be made to measure to be of any use. Needless to say, they are fairly expensive. The corset department at one of the large stores would tell you about them. Your best plan would be to ask the doctor if he thought an abdominal belt would be sufficient support. This is made of a double thickness of some stout material, such as a pretty shade in cotton brocade. Send 4d. to this office for a pattern. It is very simple to make, and should be adjusted so that the support comes from below upwards. Yes, indeed, you will have to be careful, won't you? You are lucky to have such a good husband. The Sister at the Health Centre near you would explain to you how to fix the belt and how to make it, if the doctor considers that satisfactory. Ring her at Windsor 216, and I know she would call on you as you would be unable to go to her. Best of luck.

Mrs. R. M. is contemplating weaning her babe of 9 months, and asks for a diet for him after he is weaned.

As we are nearing the end of Summer, I think it would be wiser to wait just a little longer before actually weaning baby; 9 months is the usual age for weaning, but it is well to get over the hottest part of the Summer, especially as you say he is already having a good many things. I wish you would send to L. M. Lyall, 225 Collins Street, Melbourne, for a copy of "Your Baby." This has just been entirely revised, and would be very helpful to you at this juncture, as it explains how to wean baby, and what foods to get him on to, and menus for various ages, and heaps of very nice recipes. It would take you up to 4 or 5 years. You do not say what food he is having, but I presume he is having a crust with a little butter, and a bone to chew?

At this age he could also have a little vegetable broth. All sorts of variations can be made in the way of broths, using different vegetables; these to be cooked in the broth and then strained out, and by degrees pushing a little of the vegetable through a strainer back into the broth. Begin with giving him a few teaspoons of the broth, and work up to 2 to 3 tablespoons at his 2 p.m. feeding. He can also have a little potato mashed with a little butter, and milk which has been boiled. Try him with 2 teaspoons of potato in 1 oz. of milk and water, equal parts; increase up to 1 tablespoon of potato after his evening meal. By degrees he can also have vegetable purée tomato pulp, and a little bacon fat at mid-day. He can have vegetable extract on his rusk, also a little egg yolk on his rusk or crust. He can also have cereals for breakfast.

The following menu would be suitable for a babe of 9 months, who is still on the breast.

"A Lovely Baby."

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The foundation of a fine, strong baby is laid during pre-natal life. Both before and after birth, the supply of vitamins and mineral salts greatly affects the development of the child, the growth of its tissues, the character of bones and teeth, the ability of the mother to provide adequate natural milk, and, above all, the condition of the mother's confinement.

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(Continued on page 43.)



LET'S TALK IT OVER



Interesting Paragraphs from "The New Idea" Readers.

Earn pocket money by writing interesting paragraphs for these pages. Study the character of the parts accepted and printed here—under and have a try yourself. Readers are asked to remember that parts must be original, and not merely rewritten from other papers. If quotations are made from other journals, Australian or overseas, the source must be acknowledged when submitting the matter to the Editor. Address pars to "The New Idea," (Let's Talk It Over), Box 7734, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.E. Vic. All contributions published will be paid for. (See Notice to Contributors elsewhere in this issue.)

Lies of History.

RICHARD III. was not a hunchback, but a soldier of fine form, with some pretensions to good looks and great personal strength and courage. Cleopatra did not dissolve pearls in wine to enhance the cost of her drinks. Experiments show that pearls cannot be dissolved this way.

George Washington as a boy did not chop down the cherry tree, nor did he say: "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet." This was a fairy tale invented by his biographer, Mason Weems, to impress young America with the youthful virtues of the first President.

The Siege of Troy was largely a myth, and even according to Homer's own account, Helen must have been sixty years old when Paris fell in love with her.

Diogenes never lived in a tub. The story that he did so has no better origin than a comment by a biographer that "a man so crabbed ought to have lived in a tub, like a dog."

Alfred the Great did not visit the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel. There is excellent authority for asserting that he could neither play the harp nor speak Danish. He did not let the cakes burn either, as history records.

Constantine was not quite the saint history records him, for he murdered his wife, one or two of his sons, and a goodly number of relatives. A

Christian only in name, he knew little or nothing of the religion he professed.

Nero was not the monster that history portrays. His mother, Agrippina, was not put to death by his order; nor did he play either the harp or the fiddle (the fiddle, by the way, was not invented until hundreds of years later), while Rome burned, nor did he say, "The burning of Troy" on this occasion.—"Temsy," East Brunswick, Victoria.

The Wrong Baby.

I THINK most Australian mothers would welcome the plan adopted by the City Health Department in Chicago, to brand all new-born babies on their backs with an ultra-violet-ray mark, "Cuppertea's" par ("N.I.," 24/2/39). There must often be a doubt in the minds of mothers of babies born in maternity hospitals. An instance—a friend entered a Sydney maternity home for the birth of her first baby. As soon as she was able after the little one arrived she asked the nurse whether it was a boy or a girl? "A girl," replied the nurse. Next morning, when the baby was brought to her she got a shock to find it was a boy, and said so to the nurse on duty, who humoured her good-naturedly, and told her that she had dreamt it, or that her mind had wandered a little. Although some years ago now, she still persists that the child was a girl. What mother can ever forget those words, "It's a —" especially if it is her first child?—"Happy Moments." Broadmeadow, N.S.W.

Some Immense Industries.

MR. H. G. WELLS and others have pointed out the enormous sums of money that women spend on cosmetics and beauty culture. But think of the work they create? An overseas writer states that millions of people are employed in making textiles, and more millions in producing the necessary raw materials.

Talc is mined, hogs are slaughtered for lard, olives are grown for oil, chemists evolve astringents and bleaching agents—all in recognition that female complexion in the raw are inadequate. Vast organisations have been created to pack and ad-

vertise wholesale and retail textiles and cosmetics. To kill the odours of imperfect bodies the gardens of the world are ravaged for essential oils. Alcohol, coal-tar, and other chemicals are used in prodigious quantities; ambergris is extracted from diseased sperm whales; weird musks and other fearsome odours are boiled from the hindquarters of wild cats; all to the end that women may smell as alluring as the other arts have made them look.

Women decided that nature grew their hair wrongly, and from that decision has grown the huge hairdressing industry and all its allied supplies. Atrophied muscles made women stick out where they should stick in, and vice versa. High-heeled shoes have done something to remedy the defect at the expense of their internal economy. The result is that millions are employed, making cheap shoes, which, high at the back and low in the front, give the illusion of small feet by fore-shortening them. Which explains why the majority of women have gnarled and deformed feet. The prevalence of the complaint known as "bad legs" gave rise to the silk stocking industry. And so on!—"Busy Bee" (Brisbane, Queensland).

Costly Tears.

TEARS of joy at £3 per minute. That is just what they cost a Brisbane woman who had a conversation with her sister in London by means of the wireless telephone service. At the conclusion of the conversation, a bill was presented for £27, being nine minutes at £3 per minute. The woman protested that she had not been talking for nine minutes, so the check room was consulted. This disclosed that both ladies, upon hearing each other's voices, had spent the first two minutes in tears

YOUR GREY HAIR.

It tells the tale of advancing years, not always desirable to avoid or commercial life. Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain will remove the natural colour and lustre. The treatment is simple, private, rapid, and unfailingly successful. You get the happiest results every time. Bring back youthful freshness and youth to young Dr. Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain. In Brown or Black at all Chemists, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

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Superfluous Hair Killed Quickly



By "EXHAIR" Perfectly harmless, guaranteed, best remedy for superfluous hair. For particulars, Confidential, 217-C, Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

of joy which cost the unfortunate caller £6.—"Haller" (Brisbane, Q.).

Startling New Book by Freud.

DR. SIGMUND FREUD, the psychologist, has completed a new book called "Moses," which will challenge the existing history books about religion. After years of intensive study of the period of Moses, Dr. Freud has arrived at the amazing conclusion that Moses himself was an Egyptian who brought from his native country the religion he taught to the Jews.—M. I. N. (Brisbane, Q.).

Country Ways!

A FRIEND of mine lives in a house adjoining the railway track in a remote country district. She was surprised one morning to hear the train stop outside her house, though there was no station for miles. Hurrying out, fearful of an accident, or at least something very outstanding, as the cause of the stoppage, she was amazed to find the train drawn up under her heavily-laden plum tree, while on the roof of the cab stood the engine-driver and the stoker, partaking of a fruit breakfast.—"Lilian" (Otaki, N.Z.).

"Cleanliness is Next to Godliness."

THIS is an old saying, and judging by some people's reaction to cleanliness, an apparently correct one. At a school picnic I attended recently the "bad boy" of the school, one of a very large family, fell into water and was soaked to the skin. In the absence of the child's mother, teachers and various mothers hovered around, scolding him roundly, and he was held up to all and sundry as a really wicked rascal. Off came patched jacket and still more patched pants, to reveal spotless shirt, singlet and underpants. Frowns faded, scolding ceased. "Poor little soul, so wet and cold!" sighed the mothers, producing "spares" from picnic baskets. Hot drinks were prepared, and the small "rascal" cheered and tucked up warmly by the erstwhile scolders. His hard-worked mother would, I am sure, have felt repaid for her labour had she seen all these ladies' reaction to cleanliness.—L. L. (New Zealand).

Do YOU Like Seven?

IT is amazing the many people who regard seven as being a lucky number. When buying lottery tickets they stipulate a number containing seven, but when asked can give no reason for their preference except that "seven's a lucky number." Looking back through the ages we find that seven does seem to have much significance. For instance:

On the seventh day of the seventh month a holy observance was devoted to the children of Israel, who fasted seven days and remained seven days in tents.

The seventh year was supposed to be a sabbath or rest for all, and at the

end of seventy times seven there was to be a jubilee.

Noah had seven days' warning of the Flood.

Jacob served seven years to win Rachael for his wife.

In the Lord's prayer there are seven petitions.

In Revelation there is described seven lambs before the seven spirits of God, seven golden candlesticks, a book with seven seals, seven angels with seven trumpets, seven vials of wrath, seven thunders and a dragon with seven heads.—"Salome" (Brisbane, Queensland).

(The origin of seven as a mystical number is doubtless astrological—that is, from the observation of the seven planets and the phases of the moon, changing every seven days.—Ed.)

The Elusive Blue Rose.

THE search for a blue rose still goes on. The first grower to succeed will be eligible for a prize of £5,000 offered by an American agricultural society for the production of this rarity. One French biologist has, with the use of radium, produced roses predominantly blue in colour though not pure enough to satisfy the judges. The problem is how to separate the blue from the red in these violet-shaded roses. The experiments have taken years, but the grower still has hopes.—"Jolina" (Highbett, Vic.).

The Children's Theatre Comes to Australia.

ONE trait with which the critics will never credit Melbourne is enterprise. But a big shock awaits them when they hear that the talented young actress, Irene Mitchell, is establishing a Children's Theatre right in their midst at South Yarra. "And what is this Childreg's Theatre?" you ask. It's a movement which overseas has gained great popularity, but in Australia, as yet, is only in its infancy. Here children from the tiny stage to the cigarette-smoking age are taught how to act naturally and completely forget they are addressing an audience. A complete obliteration of the fact that they are showing off in front of grown-ups is one of the chief aims.

Then think what a help it will be to the growing schoolboy and girl. They will act in their Shakespeare, the lighter scenes, and take part in historical dramas, which when enacted bring back all the dash and glamour of the past ages. These same scenes when read about in history books often become dull and uninteresting, simply because the child's mind wades through the subject without having a picture of it imprinted upon its memory.

In America, films are becoming one of the greatest mediums of education. There, the children are shown nature study and numerous other subjects in their true form, and the results obtained from this method of teaching are astonishing. How much more

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No need to ask what lipstick earth's loveliest creatures are wearing... Tattoo, wondrous Tattoo, has come to stay... and stay on! Glorious, glamorous-making, newest shades... with Tattoo's transparent dawning dewiness that lends the right accent of redness to sweet and lovely lips. Stain instead of greasy coating... stay-on-gorgeousness instead of fade-away dullness... Tattoo has that South Seas secret! Tattoo for you, madam, if you would be smart... if you'd look a little lovelier than you even are! With tips in tune with to-day!

are lips by
TATTOO



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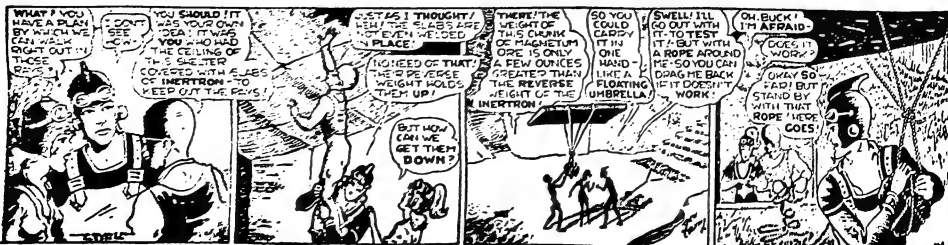
Buck Rogers in the 25th Century

SYNOPSIS.

FOR the benefit of new readers we give a short summary here—under of the story so far. The scene of our adventure strip is laid in the twenty-fifth century, A.D.—about 500 years hence—when the marvellous strides made by science have produced flying-ships capable of voyaging out into space, and thus the inhabitants of the Earth are able to visit the other planets of the Solar System. Buck Rogers and Wilma Deering, his girl companion on so many stirring adventures, go on a trip of exploration to the small Planet Nova. There, after many exciting moments, they set out once more for the Earth. While rocketing through space they receive frantic messages from the Earth, Jupiter and Mars—all requesting Buck's immediate help. Sudden static, which Buck realises has been caused on purpose, prevents our friends from reading the important part of the messages, and when a cloud of meteors are hurled at them by some mysterious force, Buck and Wilma realise that enemies are at work. Presently, Tallan, Chief of the Planet Jupiter, intercepts our adventurers in mid-space, and tells Buck and Wilma what all the commotion is about. It seems that a huge robot, or mechanical man, appears suddenly on Jupiter, and carries off Aldar, Jupiter's leading scientist. With-

out warning, the mechanical monster appears next on Mars, and by means of a mysterious ray draws a space-ship down from the sky, and breaks it over his knee! Then he captures one of the passengers, Akpodar, Mars' leading scientist, and disappears into space.

On arrival at the Earth, Buck and Wilma are in the Council room with the President, discussing the strange visitant, when they are all knocked unconscious by a strange ray from their equally strange enemy. While they are helpless, the mechanical monster enters the room and searches their faces—one by one, but disappears again without harming them. Presently, it dawns upon Buck—the monster is looking for Dr. Huor, the world's greatest scientist! Huor is hidden in an underground shelter where the mysterious rays cannot penetrate; but a crisis is reached when a giant mechanical monster appears at the mouth of the underground shelter, and attacks Buck, Wilma and Dr. Huor. However, as soon as the monster enters the shelter the controlling rays are cut off, and it falls to the ground. Our friends re-ignite the mechanical monster so that it is properly crazy, and send it forth. Now read on.



A Fascinating Adventure Strip

Follow Buck and Wilma in Their Voyages through Space.



Have You Read: _____

"HURRICANE HAWK"—No. 8.

"ADVENTURES OF BUCK ROGERS"—No. 16.

"ADVENTURES OF FELIX"—No. 13.

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THE QUERY CLUB



Query Club

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

You Write—We Pay!

The Query Club pages are devoted solely to the publication of queries sent in by readers—and their answers—also sent in by readers. It is really a help-out-for-the-department, and we invite readers to send in their queries and their answers—if they are good ones—to questions asked by other readers.

For published replies to queries we pay at our usual rate—in conditions stated under Notice to Contributors elsewhere in this issue. Address all communications to: The New Idea Query Club, Box 2774, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.I., Victoria. When answering queries, write them out in the form of those hereunder, all answering the question asked to the question which you are answering. Only suitable questions will be published, and their suitability will be decided by the Editor. As dozens of replies are sent in to every question asked, readers should not be discouraged if, at their first few attempts, they do not see their answers published.

As there is a limit to the space available for The Query Club, readers must ask only one question at a time. If more than one question is asked, only the first one will be published. Unless this rule is observed, we cannot cope with the number of replies to questions.

On no account should information be taken word for word from any other newspaper or magazine. If your paragraph is not strictly original in every sense, the source of your information must be acknowledged. This is most important.

Queries Answered by Readers.

To Make a Nightdress Sachet With Doll (in reply to "K. F. B." "N.I." 10/3/39).—Buy $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of 27 inch plain silk in the colour required, as a lining, and the same amount of whatever material you intend to make the outside of the case. Cut one piece of each 20 inches by 20 inches. (Fold corners over to make sure it is a square.) Machine the both pieces, lining and outside, together, right sides inside, on three sides only. Turn inside out, and hand sew the other side. Press with hot iron. Now fold over exactly like a square envelope, opened—not closed. If made of taffeta, plain or floral, or any silk, hand sew gold galon or gold lace flat along the length of each, join from the corner to centre. Stitch gold lace edging along outside edge of the open top of

case to show to best advantage when case is closed. Put a gathered skirt on the doll, trimming edge with gold lace, and drape the bodice with material or lace. Put a sash on, a flower in the hair and a narrow black velvet ribbon round neck of doll.

I find it most attractive to make the case in plain silk, a pastel shade, and dress the doll in floral silk, or vice versa. I have also used floral and trellis organdie, and georgette, with attractive results. If plain skirt on doll, pin tiny flowers at waist. Place the doll right in the centre of length, but 2 inches down from middle. Sew firmly to lower portion of envelope, one silk and lining only. Spread skirt out and put a stitch to hold in place. Put a hidden press-stud behind doll and on closing flap if you like, but it remains closed without this. This makes a sachet, which, when completed, measures 14 inches by 14 inches. To make an oblong one, cut it 18 inches by 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.—L. W. D., Mildura, Vic.

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Questions Asked by Readers.

"Jessica" asks for directions for knitting a lady's jumper in stocking-stitch, with a Peter Pan collar. The jumper is to be knitted in 4-ply wool on No. 11 needles, to fit a 32 in bust measurement.

"Country Girl" would like to know of a good method of blackening white buckskin shoes.

F. S. L. would like instructions for knitting a child's coat in sports wool No. 8 and No. 9 needles are to be used, and the coat is to have a side fastening and polo collar. The child is 6 years of age.

"Short of Time" would be grateful if any reader could give her a recipe for quickly making a steamed pudding. Creaming the butter and sugar takes too long. Can the butter be rubbed into the flour? Please state quantities and method plainly.

Miss E. W. would like directions for making a knitted skirt, with imitation pleats, to fit a baby of 14 months.

"Monty" asks for directions for making a cord, other than a crocheted one, in 2-ply wool.

"Knitter" would like directions for knitting a cardigan, buttoned right up to the neck, to fit a boy of 18 months. It is to be knitted in 4-ply wool, with a collar. "Knitter" would also like directions for a cap to match. Please state size of needles to be used.

Will readers whose questions do not appear above, please turn to Answers to Correspondents elsewhere in this issue?

(All directions to be as brief as possible.)

Doll Nightdress Sachet (in reply to "K. F. B." "N.I." 10/3/39).—You will require about 1 yard of wadding, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard book muslin, 1 yard of material for covering the case, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard to 1 yard of material for the dress, scraps of lace, velvet, and rosebud trimming, lenci doll's head or a celluloid doll (3d. size at the chain stores). For a round case, cut four circles of the covering material, 2 of wadding and 2 of book muslin, about 15 or 16 inches in diameter. Place one piece of the book muslin on the table, then the wadding, then the two pieces of silk, with the right sides facing. Pin them together, and machine round the edges, leaving enough opening to turn through. Slip-stitch the sides and opening together. Make the second part of the case in the same way. Book muslin interlining makes a firmer article.

If you require the doll's head and shoulders only to show, stitch it firmly to the centre of one half of the case. (Cut the legs off the celluloid doll.) I find it better if I stitch the head first to a small circle of cardboard, and then stitch that firmly in place. The skirt is a straight strip, eased or slightly gathered at the outer edge and gathered very fully round the waist, so that it is necessary to measure the circumference of the case, and make a strip of material long enough to go round, and wide enough to fall easily from the waist to the edge of the case. Be sure to allow ample turnings. It can be trimmed as desired with gathered panniers, frills, inset panels, and so on. It is easier if the skirt is trimmed before it is attached to the body. Cover the shoulders as fancy dictates. Cut two circles of velvet, gum them together and bunch up for a hat. Fasten on with berry pins. Trim to suit the frock.—"Robinette" Eastwood, N.S.W.

To Knit Lady's Stockings in Athol or Gordon Tarian (in reply to E. G. A., "N.I." 10/3/39).—The wool used is

STAMPS.

50 New Zealand	1/-
100 New Zealand	3/-
40 Australia	4/-
40 Islands	4/-

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4-ply Fingering and No. 1 steel needles, but in some cases you are using 19 different balls of wool and have 22 balls in use throughout; you will see how impossible it is to answer your question fully in "The Query Club, since 5 full pages of "The New Idea" would barely hold them. Cast on 115 sts. Work in rows, experimenting to find size of diamonds, and work to heel, decreasing to 78 sts as you go down the leg. Now place centre 38 on one needle for instep. Work and turn heel on the 38 left in usual way. Complete sole and shape toe to 11 sts. Cast off. Work instep in pattern to the toe. Work in main colour and shape as sole. Cast off. Sew instep to sole and sew leg up back seam. You need 3 ozs. dark grass green wool, 3 ozs. dark purple, 5 ozs. mottled green and black for main colour, and 2 ozs. military red. Wind 10 balls mottled and 6 each of green, red and purple. If you write to "The New Idea" office, they will let you have the full directions on receipt of 2/6 and a stamped addressed envelope.—Mrs. M. Y., Glensheil, N.S.W.

To Get Rid of Lice on Fowls and in the Fowl Shed (in reply to "Hopeful," "N.I.," 10/3/39).—One variety of this pest hide in cracks and crevices during the day and attack the fowls at night. For this reason, fowls and sheds must be attended to at the same time or the fowls will become re-infested. The perches should be so arranged that they do not touch the walls of the shed, and they must also be easily removable. Clean out all filth and rubbish from the shed, and scrape perches, nest-boxes, etc., as clean as possible. Straw is a great harbour for these pests, and therefore fresh straw should be put into the nest-boxes fairly often. Lift out the perches, and give walls of shed, nest-boxes, perches, etc., a thorough spraying with kerosene, or apply it with a whitewash brush, paying particular attention to all cracks and crevices. Pour kerosene over the stakes that carry the perches, for this is where the pests love to hide. In a couple of days' time, give a thorough whitewashing throughout. Make the whitewash of freshly slacked lime, to which a little carbolic acid has been added.

To destroy the body lice, give the fowls a good dusting with pyrethrum powder, or any good insect powder. The fowl should be turned on its back and the powder thoroughly dusted into the soft feathers and under the wings. The whole above process must be repeated in ten days' time. If very badly infected, it may be necessary to repeat several times at intervals of ten days, until there is no further sign of the pests.—"Tangney," Mildura, Vic.

To Get Rid of Tarantulas in a Wooden Shed (in reply to "Yatchaw," "N.I.," 10/3/39).—Spray with a strong solution of sheep dip, then dust thickly with carbolic powder. Keep cobwebs

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It's "Nugget's" turn to come to the
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14 wonderful shampoos . . . at all
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Colinated Coconut Oil
Shampoo

N2A

(Continued on page 50.)



A Club for Australian and New Zealand Boys and Girls.

The Beef-eaters.

If you visit the Tower of London you will see some quaint-looking fellows dressed in red tunics, knee-breeches and stockings, with purple facings and a flat hat. They act as wardens or keepers at the famous Tower, and by their appearance seem to have stepped from an old world. They have done just that very thing, as a matter of fact. They are known as the Beef-eaters—not a very pretty name—but once they were known as the King's Bodyguard, or rather the Yeoman of the Guard. Originally the Yeoman of the Guard consisted of 50 picked men who acted as the personal bodyguard to Henry VII. The number was raised to 200 by Queen Elizabeth, but was later reduced again to 100, at which strength it still remains. Today they are called Beef-eaters from a remark passed by Count Cosimo in 1669 in regard to their fondness for beef.

Pillar Boxes Old and New.

A new type of pillar box has appeared in the United States. It is specially designed for motorists, who can now post their letters directly from their car to a box on the kerb.

The original pillar box appeared in South Africa over four centuries ago. It was simple, a shoe, suspended in a tree at Mossel Bay by a Portuguese naval officer, whose fleet had come to grief at the Cape. He wrote the news on a piece of paper and placed it inside the shoe, hoping that somebody would take it to Lisbon.

South Africa can still produce some of the "Post Office Stones," which were used as pillar boxes by outward-bound ships. These stones were placed on piles of letters, with a request that they should be collected by homeward ships and taken to England.

Fountain Pens.

Just 300 years ago two adventurous Dutchmen journeyed to Paris. A diary of their experiences has recently been found.

"We met a man," they relate in one entry, "who makes goose quills of silver, into which he pours ink. . . . And from the split end of the pen, one can cover pages and pages without being

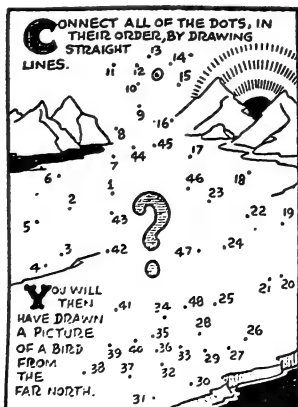
CONDUCTED BY "BIG BROTHER."

obliged to dip in an inkwell. This veritable magician of writing takes care to guard his secret—how he gets the ink into the hollow pen and how the ink arrives at the nib with just the right flow. He will soon make a fortune. We ourselves ordered a dozen, at twelve gold louis (about £10) each."

And now a double barrelled pen has just been invented by a New York man. By turning a valve the user can switch from blue to red ink. It sounds a handy pen for bookkeepers.

Meteorites by Post.

The average person has no use for meteorites, the stones that fall from the skies. But the Smithsonian Institute has. If you post them a meteorite and they can make use of it, they will pay for the find! It is not difficult to recognise meteorites, for they are the heaviest kinds of stone there are, having a very high percentage of iron or nickel. It is not for this reason that the Institute requires them, but for study. If you find a meteorite and wish to send it to them, be careful not to deface the surface, for the numerous wavy lines and marks on it convey a great deal of information to the student.



Would You Believe It?

It is only the females of bees and mosquitoes that do the stinging and biting. The males are peaceful citizens incapable of such attacks upon us. The drones make plenty of loud noise round a beehive, but they are absolutely harmless. In crickets, another interesting sex-difference is observed: It is only males that "sing." The females are mute.

A Game and a Trick for Your Next Party.

Dumb Acting.—Several members of the company leave the room. The others fix on some word, as, for instance, "snake." The party outside are told that it rhymes with "take," and they come in and act by dumb show any word they think likely, as "cake," which they would do by sitting round the table and pretending to eat imaginary cakes. If they guess wrongly they are hissed out of the room to try again. If rightly, they are clapped, and another party takes a turn outside.

Trick with a Handkerchief.—The object is to remove a handkerchief from under a glass full of water without actually touching the glass or spilling the water.

A solution to this trick at once suggests itself, and that is to request someone else to remove the glass, but that is not the correct solution.

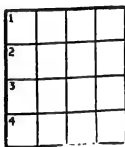
All that one has to do is to give the handkerchief a sharp pull and it will come right away, leaving the glass undisturbed. Care should be taken to see that the handkerchief selected is one without a thick hem, because this would tend to complicate matters as regards your relations with the hostess if water was upset as a result.

Weights and Measures.

The three standards of measurement in force throughout the British Empire are the pound, the yard and the gallon. The Standard Pound is the weight of a piece of platinum of a special size, laid down by the Weights and Measures Act of 1878. The Standard Yard is the distance between two gold pins fixed in a bronze bar, and the Standard Gallon equals 10 lbs. of

IF YOU PRINT
THE CORRECT
FOUR-LETTER
WORDS IN THE
SQUARES READING
ACROSS, THE SAME
WORDS WILL ALSO
READ DOWNWARD.

THE SQUARES
HERE ARE
THE DEFINI-
TIONS: 1, A
TROUBLESOME PER-
SON; 2, RESPOND; 3,
FOOT COVERING;
4, DIGITS.



The solutions to
this puzzle will
be found on
page 64.

officers and men.
War 623 awards of
the V.C. were made,
173 of which were made to men
who had already died.

Are You Prepared for the Skating Season?

There are very few opportunities for open air skating in Australia, so we have to make the best of things in the large rinks which are so popular in our capital cities. Now that the season is with us once again, how are your skates? Are they clean and sharp? Perhaps they need grinding—a sports shop or experienced ironmonger will advise you. Should you buy new ones, get the best you can afford; an all-steel pair fixed permanently to skating boots can last a lifetime. Blades should be curved, not straight, and they must fasten rigidly to boot soles. Shoes do not give enough ankle support.

You may practice at home, if you are a beginner. Just put on your skates and walk about on a floor that won't damage the steel edges. Your ankle muscles will be strengthened by this work and your balancing ability increased. So, when you go on the ice, you will be spared the very frequent rests that tired ankles demand. Go on the ice boldly. There is no harm in holding on to a friend during the first few minutes, but it is better to go alone. Keep your knees deeply bent, and let your weight swing across from one foot to the other. Never try to walk. Each foot in turn is inclined outward so that you can thrust back squarely against the full length of its blade, without it slipping, and so send yourself gliding forward on the other skate.

After such a thrust, in earliest efforts, you will quickly bring up the rear foot and put it down alongside

distilled water weighed under special conditions.

The Victoria Cross.

As you all know, the Victoria Cross (V.C.) is a decoration awarded to the British Empire navy and army (both officers and men) for conspicuous bravery. It was instituted by Queen Victoria during the Crimean War. It consists of a bronze Maltese cross bearing the Royal lion, with a red ribbon for the army and a blue one for the navy. With it goes a payment of £10 a year for non-commissioned During the World War 623 awards of the V.C. were made, 173 of which were made to men who had already died.

its fellow, running forward smoothly on both blades as a result. Gradually you will leave the thrusting foot stretched out behind, toe pointing outward and backward, and so glide on one foot only. When your speed slackens, the rear foot is brought to the front, put down on the ice, and its fellow is turned outward for a new stroke. You thus progress evenly—thrust right, glide left, thrust left, glide right. Let your weight swing well across with each stroke. Single foot glides, travelling as far as you can from each stroke, that must be your aim. And get relaxed, upright body, and easy poise. Learn to turn, leaning inwards, just as you do when rounding a corner on a bicycle. Be able to stop abruptly, by a sharp swerve to either side. Then practice backward skating. Stunt races are fun and will help you to feel at home on skates.

THE JOKE CORNER.

Referee—"I didn't see a foul. I can't be all over the field!"

Player—"Don't worry; you will be after the game."

Barber (to new helper)—"Here comes a man for a shave."

Helper—"Let me practise on him."
"All right, but be careful and don't cut yourself."

"Are you doing anything for that cold, dear?"

"Certainly I am. I'm sneezing whenever it wants me to."

Little Dolly's father had been whitewashing the kitchen ceiling during the holidays, and she was much impressed.

Next morning when she woke up she looked out of the window and saw the ground covered with snow.

"Oh, mother," she said, "hasn't daddy been busy?"

Bobby: "Mamma, where is dreamland?"

Mamma: "I don't know. Why do you ask?"

Bobby: "I dreamed last night I had a bicycle there; I want to go and fetch it."

Auntie Bun: "No, not a third cake! Two cakes are enough for any little boy."

Ben Bun: "Oh, Auntie — you've never been a little boy, so how can you possibly know?"

Trick Numbers

ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO DO THE FOLLOWING: WRITE A NUMBER OF THREE DIFFERENT FIGURES; REVERSE THESE AND SUBTRACT THE SMALLER FROM THE LARGER.

THEN REVERSE THE REMAINDER

AND ADD THE TWO NUMBERS.

WHEN THIS IS DONE THE TOTAL WILL ALWAYS BE 1089

NO MATTER WHAT

NUMBER IS CHOSEN

ORIGINALY. THE

SUBTRACTION MUST

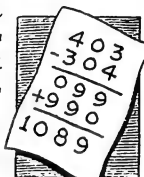
BE CARRIED OUT TO

THREE COLUMNS.

THUS 99 IS 099;

AND REVERSED IT

BECOMES 990.



PEN FRIENDS WANTED.

Boys and girls who are desirous of writing to other members of the League are invited to send in the following particulars, which will be printed in this column of New South Wales. Snap with the first letter if possible. Age, and what hobbies and sports you are interested in, and any other particulars. Read the requests for pen friends printed below, and you will get a good idea of how to word your own request.

Alathea Funnell, "Ericton," 39 Northumberland Road, Auburn, N.S.W., would like pen friends, either sex, 18 years of age, living in the country districts of New South Wales.

Bob Clapp, Elgin, W.A., 14 to 17 years, living in United States of America and New Zealand. Interested in wrestling, horseback riding, dancing, swimming, and all outdoor sports. Snap with the first letter if possible.

Lorna Buck, 110 Terrace St., New Farm, Brisbane, Q., either sex, 15 to 18 years. Interested in cycling, swimming, tennis and horseback riding. Snap with the first letter if possible.

Kathleen Keogh, Ward 10, Austin Hospital, Heidelberg, Vic., living in England, America, Holland, Canada and California. Interested in weaving, knitting, physiology and all sport. All letters answered.

Leo Wyeth, c/o N. R. Wyeth Opaki, Masterton, N.Z., either sex, 14 to 16 years, living in any part of the world. Interested in general topics. Snap with the first letter if possible.

Margaret Thorn, c/o K. Thorn, Pokororo, R.D. Huterea, Nelson, N.S.W., 15 to 18 years, living anywhere, either sex. Interested in general topics.

Kathleen Wren, Tokoroa, Hawera, N.Z., 15 to 16 years, either sex, living anywhere. Interested in stamp collecting and all outdoor sports. All letters answered.

V. Tilbrook (girl), Tullon Bend, S.A., 15 to 16 years, boys preferred, living anywhere. Interested in swimming, cycling, dancing, and film stars. Snap with the first letter if possible.

Joan Armour, 90 Erskine St., Dubbo, N.S.W., 15 to 17 years, either sex, living anywhere outside New South Wales. Interested in all general topics.

Gwendoline Rabey, "Lochiel," Gonno Gonno Rd., Tanwirth, N.S.W., girls preferred, 14 to 16 years, living in Canada and New Zealand. Interested in reading, stamp collecting, fancy-work, tennis and riding.

Beatona Adams, McKaramea, Whangarei, North Auckland, N.Z., 10 to 11 years, girls preferred. Interested in sport.

(Continued on page 64.)

How to Join "The New Idea" League.

"If you are regularly getting 'The New Idea' in your home, and if you are under 18 years of age, you are eligible to become a member of 'The New Idea' League."

Fill in the Enrolment Form, enclosing a 2d. stamp for postage, and the Member's Badge will be sent to you.

See page 64 for Enrolment Form and drawing of "The New Idea" League Badge.

REARRANGE ALLOF
THESE LETTERS TO
SPELL A COUNTRY.

**NOW
SEE**

NEW REARRANGE
THESE TO SPELL A
BOY'S FIRST NAME

**RUM
RAH**

AND THIS GROUP TO
SPELL A METAL.

**LES
RIV**

The solutions to
these puzzles will
be found on
page 64.

The Problem Club.

(Continued from page 29.)

at dances I enjoy myself as much as the youngsters. During the depression I missed 3 years of gaily; I hardly left the house as I had a sick father to care for, and money was scarce. Now, I feel I want to make up for those years; but, 'Margaret,' do you think I am wrong in going with a boy so young? I have told him my age, but he said, 'It runs in his family.' His father married his mother who is 3 years older than him, and his sister is married to a boy a year younger; but 7 years is too much, don't you think? Why, when I'm forty he'll be thirty-three, and perhaps by then I may look years older, and he'd look for a younger face. He is very easy, plays an excellent game of tennis, golf, and football; is a good dancer, and plays in the orchestra. He is an only son, and has a good wage which entitles him to a car and plenty of clothes. In fact, I think he is one of the lucky boys on this earth. The thing is that I'm prepared to settle down now, but it would be 2 years before we could by the time he saved. Another point is that I'm a girl who is not good at sport; in fact, I have no inclination. I prefer my home and garden, so we'd be opposites in that respect. I hope you answer these questions, as I have to decide by May (when I next see him), whether I'll continue the friendship. My only fear is if we married he might say, 'I never thought it would be like this.'

You have my deepest admiration because you have told this young man the truth, and now he knows you are older than he and wants to continue the friendship, why should you worry? This is an age of ageless women, and there is no reason why you should ever look 7 years older than this young man, provided, of course, you always take care of your looks. With so many lovely creams on the market that will really do all they are meant to do, you should have no worries about your looks. I think that if you become engaged to this young man, you should make an effort and learn at least one game that will give you an interest in his sport life. I would suggest either tennis or golf; I am sure you would get a great deal of pleasure from the game. I can only say in conclusion that if this young man wants to become engaged to you, and you love him, do not hesitate. He knows what he is doing, for the modern young man of twenty-one

has very definite ideas on all subjects. All my best wishes, and I want you to accept this young man if you really love him; but if you have any doubts at all, and think it is just a holiday flirtation, try and avoid being hurt.

A Different Matter.

W. M. (Auckland).—You will probably be very annoyed with me when I tell you that the past life of this girl whom you profess to love so dearly is no concern of yours. You are worrying so much about the physical state of this girl, quite forgetting that if she was not a virgin when you met her, she would not have remained long in that state after she knew you! You tell me you are refined, educated, sensitive, and incurably romantic, yet two days after meeting and falling in love with this girl you behaved badly towards her. You thought she was unsophisticated and chaste, and now that you have discovered something about this girl's past you write to me panic-stricken. I have no patience with you, for you reserve to yourself the right to have affairs, but having discovered that this girl has had an affair with a married man, you regard that as a different matter. Keep on loving her, for I am sure she deserves your love, and remember the old saying, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

Self-Conscious of Her Affliction.

"Troubled Sue."—My dear, you are only human, and there must be times when you feel full of pity for yourself. Why, I know dozens of people with all their health and strength, and often they say, "What's the use of living?" You have been afflicted, for a girl of your age with only one leg has a lot to be sorry about; but when you get those feelings try and think of something very pleasant. A home and babies may not be denied to you,

for some young man might come along and think you are a wonderful person. I know you must feel very self-conscious when you are travelling in a tram or a train, and so that you will not see the people looking at you I suggest you always take a book with you. When you concentrate on your book you will avoid the pitying glances, and that will make you much happier. People are very kind, and they are being sorry for you, although you would much rather they kept their pity to themselves. Do try and make yourself act naturally in the presence of young men. They will like you if you can keep them amused with your chatter, and really when one thinks of the closing days of Sarah Bernhardt, the famous actress, and how she went on the stage and acted (although she had lost a leg) it should spur you on to make yourself a very happy life. Read, study people, try and write, in fact, do anything that will keep you from feeling self-pity, and when you are in despair write again to me, and I will try help you again. My very best wishes.

Wants to Be a Dentist.

"Over Ambitious" writes: "I have just been reading your answer to 'Hopeful Helen,' in which you stated we all go through a phase in life. Well, 'Margaret,' I am seventeen, and hope I am not going through that phase; but my heart and soul is set on being a dentist. I don't even know if there are such things as lady dentists. Would it be a case of unvarying? Which is out of the question, or is it possible to take a course of home study, which I am very fond of. It is the surgical more than mechanical that I am interested in. I console myself with the thought that if I studied for 20 years, I still wouldn't be so old."

Of course, there are lady dentists, and very successful they are. I have a girl friend who, before she was married, had a very good practice. She married a dentist, but had to give her career up to look after her home and children. I am afraid the course is a university one, for there are many things you must learn. For instance, a dentist must have a thorough knowledge of the brain, the nervous system, and he must specially know everything there is to know about the mouth. The course is four years, and during that time lectures must be attended. I do not want to drown your hopes, but unless you can pass your Leaving, and do a university course, you will have to give up all ideas of the subject. You could possibly get a job learning the mechanics of dentistry, but even that is a vague idea. Do be ambitious, but be ambitious in some way which you may achieve a measure of success. Dentistry seems to be out of the question, for, believe me, you cannot begin to practice when you are thirty-seven. Dentists must start young, for there is a lot of competition. All my best wishes.

In Need of Help.

"Eileen" and C. H. B.—In this issue we have made an appeal to readers to send us baby's knitwear. At the mo-

★ **BXY** ★

IMPORTANT!

Notice the New Time for

"CORONETS OF FRANCE"

Now 9 p.m. Every Sunday.

Astrologically Speaking.

(Continued from page 15.)

most perturbed about this fact. "The elemental influences are bad to-day," she told me as she arranged her music. I suggested that, for the time being, she should disregard the weather, and concentrate on her singing. The accompanist struck up the opening bars, and our soprano began to sing, or rather I should say, below! I have never heard anything quite like that woman's rendition of "Mother Machree." She absolutely howled it out, until I thought the accompanist would collapse with mirth. When she had finished, she dashed towards me and said, "It's no use, the vapours are in the air to-day. I cannot give of my best. The stars predicted failure, too." This revelation almost made me pass out on the spot. I do not know how I managed to get her out of the studio without laughing outright. But I did it—somehow!

Ruling out all the "queer" individuals who indulge in this fantastic pastime, it really is astounding to note the amount of otherwise rational people who believe in Astrology. I agree that telling fortunes by the stars (or any other method for that matter) can be quite a lot of fun at a party, but to take it seriously is quite beyond my comprehension. I have known of many seemingly normal men and women who place explicit trust in the predictions of the planets.

One, a brilliant physician, used to pay an Astrologer quite a considerable amount of money from time to time, in order to obtain "guidance" in important personal matters. Another, a successful and influential business man was induced by a relative of his, to visit a woman who claimed to "advise by the stars." On one particular occasion this man was negotiating to sell his business, and, but for his wife, would have taken the advice of his Astrologer, which, incidentally, was to sell the business, at any cost! An action which might have proved almost disastrous to this man's career!

It is inconceivable to think that a hard-boiled business man could place so great a faith in fortune-telling. More especially so when one goes a step further, and takes a view of the person who made these predictions for him. In this instance, it happened to be a woman with a very poor education. She was entirely lacking in any knowledge of the commercial world, and, when put to the test, displayed a profound ignorance of most general subjects. She had no actual experience to offer as a foundation for handing out the advice she so readily gave. How foolish then, for people to place their fate in her hands!

On the other hand, I have met particularly intelligent men and women who practise as Astrologers. Far be it from me to judge whether they are right or wrong.

There seems to me to be a great dissatisfaction in the lives of many people who spend no end of time and money trying to get a glimpse of the future. They clutch hungrily at any fragment of hope handed out to them in this fashion, because they so desperately want to escape from cold reality. If Astrology (or any other similar cult) has any value, then I should say it would be this "imbueing" of its followers with a faith along certain lines, which may, providing the adherent's faith is strong enough, make manifest those things which are so earnestly desired. Astrology, in that case, then, is only another name for faith. Faith in one's ambitions and desires, with a little dash of help from the "stars" which may bolster us up and lead us to attain that which we want more speedily. But—this assistance from the planets would not be necessary if we had sufficient confidence in ourselves. Surely we don't need the stars to tell us whether we will achieve this or that? We are conscious of our limitations, aren't we? We should be. That is one of the biggest steps towards our progress of self-improvement. And, too, why should we believe any prediction by the stars which may savour of misfortune? "You should not travel in trams to-day. An accident might befall you." Tommy rot! If you believe this prediction, and for some reason or other you are forced to travel in trams on that particular day, the chances are that you'll be so scared to death the whole time you're travelling, that you probably won't look where you're going, or perhaps you'll be just too careful, and the result may be that you'll fall out of the tram, or do some other equally silly, but unfortunate, thing. It is wicked to put such ideas into the minds of people who are not capable of thinking for themselves. Believe in Astrology if you must, and if it gives you any comfort, but believe in yourself first and foremost. Happiness doesn't just drop from the skies—real happiness has to be earned. And too—it's all a matter of our sense of values. If we haven't the ability within ourselves to be happy, then no cult, no amount of fortune-telling, can produce this state for us. When we have problems, it is quicker, safer and more logical to face them direct, and thereby arrive at some solution, than to rely on haphazard advice from "mysterious" sources. Overcoming our own troubles strengthens our character. It's no use evading the issue when something is worrying us. Far better to tackle the problem, and have done with it.

Astrologically speaking, it looks as though I'm in for a bad time of it from all you Astrologers!

"Waiter, take this egg away at once," roared the angry diner.

"Yes, sir. What shall I do with it, sir?"

"Wring its neck!"

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE



No girl who offends with underarm odour succeeds in her job—or with men...

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending. It's so easy to stay fresh with MUM. A bath only takes care of odour that's past—but MUM prevents odour to come.

So follow your bath with a dab of MUM under each arm. MUM is quick—safe—sure! It gives all-day-long protection, can't harm any kind of fabric and does not irritate your skin. Obtainable everywhere: purse size 9d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

MUM takes the odour out of perspiration

Don't Suffer with Piles

NO need to suffer the tormenting irritation of itching or bleeding piles when you can get quick relief by beginning at once to use Doan's Ointment. This special pile prescription is healing and soothing. Even stubborn cases which have resisted other treatment quickly yield to this preparation. Let Doan's Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Get Doan's Ointment to-day.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

Your Social Graces.

(Continued from page 19.)

count must the girl be called "Miss Elizabeth" or "Miss Dorothy." That form of address is usually used by employee and employer and is not the custom between people of standing. The form of address on letters must always carry the prefix, "Miss," and the young lad "Master."

As a youngster grows older, there will be a certain amount of shyness in the bearing. In public places sometimes through sheer nervousness, the behaviour of both boys and girls is uncouth. Early in life children must be taught that good manners entail seeing that others are not discomforted by their actions. The afternoon matinee at the "movies," especially on Saturday, is really a social event for many girls. Here they meet their school friends, and one will see a whole lot of them sitting together. Here is a test of the good manners. Silence during the pictures so that others around them may enjoy the picture; no giggling or pointing out the fashions that may not appeal to them, but which some other girl has found fetching. If girls and boys are taught that others must enjoy themselves in comfort, there would be no discourtesy to others at the pictures and elsewhere. Girls and boys must be taught to give up their seats in trams, trains or in buses to adults who are standing. Not only is this courteous, but it is right, for an adult pays full fare and the girl or boy is perhaps travelling on a school concession ticket. Summed up, the growing child must be taught that behaving boorishly and selfishly, instead of considerately and decently, is not the best manner in which to make friends, or will help in forming habits that in after life will bring not only credit upon their parents but upon themselves.

The Chaperon.

"A mad world, my masters," said Puck. Yes, perhaps, but one which is daily growing more sensible in regard to the things that count. The chaperon in past generations was an absolute necessity in the life of any girl. She was so hedged around by conventions that she had to have a chaperon close by to cover up any little slip she may, in the excitement of her youth, have made. Modern days have dispensed with the chaperon, and this is, in my opinion, a sensible move. However, there are some occasions when there must be a chaperon and that is when a house party of young people, boys and girls, has been arranged. The chaperon should be a young married woman and her husband. She should be young enough to enjoy the things the young folk enjoy, but she should also have tact, self-possession and a sense of decorum which makes her an ideal chaperon. Overnight hiking trips also call for

a chaperon, and I think only on these occasions is one necessary. Girls go to the theatre, to the ballet and opera, and where formerly no young unmarried girl went to the theatre alone with a man, the modern girl would laugh if told that she must have a chaperon for this occasion. If a girl has no mother, then an aunt or a good friend of the family becomes her chaperon. An older sister would perform the duty of chaperon which includes issuing all invitations and receiving the guests. When the parents are receiving the guests of their daughters, they wait until the party is in full swing and then go to another room and leave the young folk to themselves. This is considered enough chaperonage for the modern girl or boy.

Conversation as an Art.

The English language is a pot pourri of almost every tongue under heaven, and for this reason is so fascinating a study. The foreigner finds it extremely difficult to learn, for with words spelt the same way the pronunciation is the same the meaning entirely different. You all know the story of the Frenchman paying his first visit to London. In his excitement he leaned too far through the window of the train. The guard, passing, said, "Look out!" and the Frenchman looked out still further and lost his hat in the rush of wind from a passing train. Looking round the people in the carriage with a disgusted air, he said, "He said, 'look out!' when he should have said, 'look in!'"

There should be no place in society for the slovenly speaker. Such people corrupt not only their own speech, but that of others. When one has heard from childhood nothing but good English and in addition has read and studied writers in the best tradition one will unconsciously speak not only correctly, but with appreciation of the English tongue.

When considering conversation as an art, one is bound to think of the voice. So often voices are shrill, harsh and unbeautiful, and even the purest English is a trial when the voice is unmusical. I would that we would all take the words of Hamlet to heart. He advised the players to "speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue," and then he warned them not to "mouth it," "saw the air too much," or "split the ears of groundlings."

Mouthing words is too common. Talking in the back of the throat with relaxed vocal chords makes words unintelligible. Speech comes from the front of the mouth and the lips and the words should be spoken distinctly and never should an artificial accent be adopted.

Perhaps you are asking, "What place has conversation and the way I speak in articles devoted to etiquette?" "To use all gently," whether it be one's words or the ears of one's lis-

teners, is still a mark of good breeding, and the man or woman who shouts or who adopts an elegant artificial language are offending the laws of good taste.

Let's discuss it still further in next week's article.

Slaves of Passion and Ice-Cream.

(Continued from page 12.)

Homestead Riots and the Spanish war, went on the stage, tramped a few years, and then, when he was good and ready, took his pen in hand and started to turn out wholesome fiction for the young girl. There is something to a man like that. He stands out. You feel he has established his right to live.

So there you are, Dulcie and the others, that's how the young girl's uplifting book had its genesis. And, mind you, P. G. Wodehouse knows what he's talking about. Although, you know, Madame Gastritis did say of him that nobody could understand him. She said, "It's a like trying to appreciate a Polish Jew with adenoids trying to sing 'Deutschland Uber Alles.'"

Mr. Wodehouse believes there is an opening for an enterprising syndicate to start a Bureau which will supply stay-at-home authors with material for their biographies. He says a photographing department would be absolutely necessary:

If there is one thing that is always demanded by people who want to write stuff about you, it is a photograph: And the trouble about most authors is that Nature never really intended them to be photographed. I am no Adonis myself, but you should see some of the others.

There should be on the staff a number of young and handsome men whose duty it would be to be photographed instead of their clients. When some human gargoyle with a large head, but an ingrowing face had put over a best seller, and the papers were clamoring for pictures of him, he would simply call up the Bureau, and put the matter in their hands. The consequences would be that, instead of wondering how on earth the picture of Amos, the educated ape from the Hippodrome had managed to get itself into the "Books and Readers" page, you would see something that really looked like something.

Mr. Wodehouse concludes his article with his first order to the "Authors Aid Bureau" thus: "I want about three good snappy adventures for my early manhood, a couple of straight comic anecdotes not too tropical but at the same time not too lukewarm, and something really in-

•[See overleaf.]

"KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES taste twice as good!"

—vote famous
Taste Experts, Cham-
pion Cooks, Leading
Chefs and 403 every-
day people after mak-
ing Kellogg's amazing
Blindfold Test!

Kellogg's Representative
might even knock on your
door — and ask you and
your family to make this
Blindfold Test.

There's a thrill to it! Ex-
citement with cameramen
coming along. High-pow-
ered lights shining down on
the dining-room table.

One by one the members of
the family come into the
room. Each is blindfolded
and given four popular
breakfast flakes to taste.
Then comes the question:
"Which tastes best?"

Incredible as it may seem
403 out of 403 agree that
Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste
far the best.



SCIENTIFIC PROOF OF THE GREAT ENERGY GIVING POWER OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES



Recent analysis made at the Sydney University
showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn
Flakes with milk and sugar gives you as much
energy as two eggs
and one pork chop.
That's why everyone
says Kellogg's Corn
Flakes keep you going
till lunchtime.



Heard Kellogg's thrilling new Radio Serial? "HOWIE WING"—A Saga of
Aviation. "Howie Wing" is sponsored by Kellogg's over a nationwide broad-
cast every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night. Stations: 2CH, 7.30
p.m.; 4BK-AK-IP, 7.30 p.m.; 2GZ, 2TM, 2LM, 3DB-LK, 3SR, 3TR, 5AD-
MU-PI-SE, 6IX-WH, 6.45 p.m.; 2KO every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday,
7.30 p.m.

Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

SHOULD EU-thymol every day?

The mouth has been truly described as the gateway of disease. Between the teeth, in crevices and crannies—deadly disease germs lurk, unsuspected and unseen, eating through the enamel walls of the teeth, polluting the mouth and poisoning the whole system.

Euthymol is both protection and prevention. It helps both to guard against infection and prevent the development of disease.

Euthymol kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 seconds contact!

Clean your teeth and destroy dental decay germs with Euthymol Tooth Paste at least twice every day.

Obtainable at chemists
and stores everywhere.

1/3 per tube.

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE



teresting about what the Kaiser said to me in 1912."

Some girls try to write books themselves. Girls are very trying. Their efforts are usually ingenu yarns where the heroine is too good to be true. When you read them you "feel how awful goodness is," as Milton said in "Paradise Lost" (which is not a sad story of divorce and broken hearts, Dulcicle).

I know one simple-hearted maiden, who has a beautiful soul and a face like Moaning 'Liza, who began to write a story for a ladies' paper, and sent the first spasm to the (male) Editor, who has a nasty way with him, and is so snappy that he could bite an inch off a cold chisel. This was 'Liza's artless effort:

"Close within his arms he held her. He looked deep, deep into her glistening eyes, and searched her very soul. Nearer and nearer he pressed her wilting form to him. Their hearts beat violently. Slowly he raised her face to his. Her half-parted lips gave forth the heat of burning coals. They stood quivering as blades of grass kissed by a passing breeze. A few loose strands of her golden hair maddened him. He pressed her fevered lips closer to his—closer—closer—"

And then the reptile Editor added: "Suddenly the poor grub sneezed, and they had to take the picture over again."

And he printed it, too—in the comic section.

Queer Facts About Marriage.

(Continued from page 14.)

live to 100, and to marry 20 times. Vedra maintains that he has not yet found the ideal wife. He divorced 15 of his previous wives, and two died. He has remained on friendly terms with all his ex-wives, giving each one a house and sufficient to live on. In the little village of Gunji, almost every tenth house belongs to an ex-Mrs. Vedra.

In a village near Shanghai, a widower and his three sons recently married a widow and her three daughters on the same day.

Bigamy amongst women is rare. But a woman commercial traveller was last year sentenced in Hungary for having acquired six husbands. Two live in Budapest and four in various provincial towns. All went well for years, and would probably have gone on for longer had the lady not kept a diary about her multiple matrimonial affairs. Having been involved in a serious motor accident she was taken to hospital. In order to discover her identity her trunk was opened, the diary found, and the

secret of her six husbands revealed. All six came to claim her, and none would give in. The Budapest court has solved the question for the time being by sending her to prison for three years.

The court of Athens recently sentenced a well-known young perfume manufacturer to a fine of 20,000 drachmas, and damages and costs for "unfair competition." Behind the legal proceedings lay a strange matrimonial case. The rich, handsome young manufacturer had suffered business losses through a competitor who had brought out a new perfume. All his endeavours to discover its formula were in vain. Therefore, in order to obtain possession of the secret, he decided to marry the 50-year-old poor and ugly secretary of his competitor. He succeeded in winning her after a brief courtship. The court decided: "It is obvious from the psychological point of view, that the accused married this aged woman, bare of wealth and beauty, for the sole purpose of using her as an instrument of unfair competition against his principal competitor."

A "Matrimonial Automatic" has been introduced by a matrimonial agency in New York. By pressing a button, photos of young women appear on a small screen. If a young man fancies one of the pictures he inserts a dollar coin into a slit and out comes the photo on which is inscribed, not only the name and address, but also the age, height, weight, colour of hair and dowry of the prospective bride. A similar apparatus offering eligible bachelors works only after five dollars are inserted, showing that price is dictated by the economic law of supply and demand, even on the marriage market.

Speaking Frankly.

(Continued from page 21.)

so many discoloured and lined throats, so many sagging chin lines and ugly contours.

Throats are most important, and they should be given the same treatment the face is given. Every night the cleansing cream must be patted into the throat and the dirt and surplus cream removed with a clean tissue. When the nourishing food is patted into the face it should also be used on the neck. The nourishing skin food must be patted well in and allowed to remain on all night. As the years go by changes taking place in the body lead to a diminishing in the activities of certain glands and oil cells. The older woman needs, then, something that will take the place of the secretion that comes from the glands, and the use of a Hormone cream both for day and night is always advisable. In these Hormone creams are found the natural elements that nourish and keep the throat youthful.

Exercises are necessary to keep the throat supple and graceful, and bending the head backwards and forwards and sideways will help.

Massage is also good, and in the sketch seen on page 21 the throat is being gently massaged from beneath the chin out and upwards to the ears. All massage on the throat must be gentle, and the skin must not be stretched in any way. Holding the head in the same manner as seen in the sketch, the backs of the hands may be used to pat from the centre of the chin—underneath—right out and upwards to the ears.

Knit It in Her School Colours!

(Continued from page 28.)

66th Row.—Purl.

67th Row.—K 2 tog., k 1, * p 2, k 2; repeat from * to end, p 2.

68th Row.—* K 2, p 2; repeat from * to end.

69th Row.—As 65th row.

70th Row.—Purl.

71st Row.—P 2 tog., p 1, * k 2, p 2; repeat from * to end.

72nd Row.—* K 2, p 2; repeat from *, ending with k 2.

Repeat from 65th to 72nd rows inclusive once.

81st Row.—K 2 tog., k to end.

82nd Row.—Cast off 6 sts, purl to end.

83rd Row.—K 2 tog., k 1, * p 2, k 2; repeat from *, ending with k 2 tog.

84th Row.—K 2 tog., k 1, * p 2, k 2; repeat from *, ending with p 2.

85th Row.—K 2 tog., k until 2 sts remain, k 2 tog.

86th Row.—P 2 tog., purl to end.

87th Row.—P 2 tog., p 1, * k 2, p 2; repeat from *, ending with k 2 tog.

88th Row.—K 2 tog., k 1, * p 2, k 2; repeat from *, ending with k 2.

Now keeping to pattern, decrease at neck edge by knitting 2 tog. in the next and every alternate row until 22 sts remain.

Then continue in pattern without further decreasing until 31st pattern is completed.

Shape shoulders as follows:

125th Row.—Knit.

126th Row.—Cast off 8 sts, purl to end.

127th Row.—* P 2, k 2; repeat from * to end.

128th Row.—Cast off 8 sts, k 1, p 2, k 2.

129th Row.—Knit.

Cast off remaining 6 sts.

The Sleeve.

Using No. 12 needles cast on 64 sts, and knit band as directed for the back. Change to No. 9 needles, and repeat the 4 pattern rows 3 times.

Then still keeping to pattern increase once at each end of the needle in the first row of the next and every alternate pattern (that is, increase once at each end of the needle in every 8th row, by knitting twice into the first stitch and twice into the last

It's Not His Fault



he's Slow
Sluggish
and out
of sorts...

The Doctor Knows it's

Faulty Elimination

He's not only losing interest in things, but he's losing strength and health. Through no fault of his own, system poisons are undermining his health, taxing his strength, preventing him from being the bright, active lad he should be. That is the price every child pays when faulty elimination causes unsuspected poisons to enter the blood stream. This over-burden the vital cleansing organs—the liver and kidneys. They become slow and allow further and more serious poisoning. Then come those spasms of crankiness, listlessness and loss of appetite.

The only complete remedy is a course of Laxettes. In Laxettes you get a medication regarded by medical science as the safest and gentlest in its action on the bowels. Laxettes promote natural bowel movement—no harmful scouring of the bowel lubricant. That is why harmful substitutes for Laxettes should be avoided.

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HEADACHES,
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TIREDNESS,
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LOSS OF APPETITE, ETC.

Safest for your children—therefore safest for you.



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LAXETTES
Rectify Faulty
Elimination

stitch, gradually working increased sts into the pattern) until there are 88 sts on needle.

Continue then without further increasing, working in pattern until sleeve measures 18 inches, or desired length.

Shape top of sleeve by casting off 3 sts at the commencement of the next 12 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

To Make Up.

Press all parts carefully with hot iron and damp cloth. Join side and shoulder seams of Jumper. Join sleeve seams, and insert same.

The Neckband.

Using the 4 No. 12 needles, pick up and knit 64 sts along one side of neck, 36 sts across back of neck, and 64 sts along the other side. Knit backwards and forwards across all three needles in rib of 2 plain and 2 purl, but decrease once each side of centre front in every 2nd row by knitting 2 sts together at the commencement of the first needle and the end of the third needle. Work 6 rows in navy, 4 rows in yellow and 6 rows in navy, but be sure to knit right across the rows when changing colours. Cast off loosely, and join band at centre of neck. Press carefully.

The Query Club.

(Continued from page 39.)

down and they soon disappear.—“Ahha,” Sydney, N.S.W.

To Keep Tarantulas Out of a Weatherboard Shed (in reply to “Yat-chaw,” “N.I.” 10/3/39).—Clear away all cobwebs, then spray with a solution of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. quassia chips boiled in 6 quarts of water. When dry sprinkle equal parts of sulphur and borax mixed and all spiders and creepy insects will leave.—“Pommy,” Leeton, N.S.W.

Tasty Ways in Which Meringue Mixture Can Be Used (in reply to “Jane,” “N.I.” 10/3/39).—The standard recipe for meringues is 6 ozs. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon coarse sugar and whites of three eggs beaten up well together, put in spoonfuls on greased paper on an oven slide, and baked in a slow oven until pale brown.

Peach Meringue Surprise.—Into the hollow halves of tinned peaches pile almond flavoured whipped cream. On top place a meringue to each peach, and serve with a jug of peach syrup.

Meringue Rice.—Boil rice with a mixture of 8 ozs. sugar, lemon juice, and grated rind of 2 lemons boiled with 1 gill water to form a syrup. Heap rice in fireproof dish. Melt 2 ozs. chocolate and pour over rice. Cover with a meringue mixture and put in a cool oven to brown meringue. Serve with cream.

Marshmallow Meringue Sundae.—Heap portions of ice cream in sundae glasses. Over it pour a marshmallow

mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows cut into fours. Melt with $\frac{1}{2}$ gill boiling water and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. icing sugar. Decorate with chopped nuts and small meringues on which a spoonful of cream is piled.

Meringue Jelly.—Dissolve a pint packet of jelly in hot water and fruit juice to make 1 pint liquid. As it begins to set add the whisked whites of two eggs. Whisk well and turn into a glass dish to set. Decorate with small meringues and serve with vanilla custard.

Meringue Tarts.—Make small tarts of following mixture: 8 ozs. self-raising flour, 2 ozs. butter, 2 ozs. lard, 1 teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and sufficient water to make a stiff dough. Cook 10 minutes in a hot oven, fill with lemon cheese or jam and pile meringue on top. Return to oven to set meringue.

Pineapple Meringue.—Fill a meringue shell with whipped cream, cover with crushed pineapple and top with more cream, into which passion fruit have been whisked. Serve for afternoon tea or a dinner sweet.—“Margold,” Waratah, N.S.W.

Baby's Crocheted Coat, 6 Months' Size (in reply to “Bet,” “N.I.” 10/3/39).—Use 2-ply wool and hook to suit. Begin at back of yoke with 96 ch. Work 1 tr in each stitch for 18 rows. Leaving the centre 36 sts unworked for back of neck, work on first 30 for 4 rows. Increase at neck edge 1 stitch every row for 18 rows. Work 2 rows without increase. Complete other front yoke to correspond. Work pattern right round coat, beginning at centre front and joining yoke at underarms.

Pattern: 1st Row.—1 dc into first stitch, * 1 ch, miss 1 stitch, (1 tr, 1 ch, 1 tr) all into next stitch, 1 ch, 1 dc into next stitch; repeat to end, 4 ch, turn.

2nd Row.—1 tr on first dc, * 1 ch, miss 1 sp, 1 dc between tr, 1 ch, (1 tr, 1 ch, 1 tr) all into next dc; repeat to end, 1 ch, turn.

3rd Row.—1 dc in first sp, * 1 ch, (1 tr, 1 ch, 1 tr) all on next dc, 1 ch, miss 1 sp, 1 dc into space between tr; repeat, working last dc into 4 ch at end, 4 ch, turn. Repeat the last 2 rows to required length. Fasten off.

Sleeves.—54 ch. Work 3 rows treble, then proceed in pattern to required length. Work 4 more rows, leaving 1 pattern unworked at each end of every row.

To Make Up.—Join seams. Work 2nd row of pattern all around coat, up fronts and around neck. Finish sleeves in same way. Attach ribbons.—“Kayole,” Gippsland, Vic.

Man's Sleeveless Pull-Over, 44 inch Chest Measurement (in reply to “Duffer,” “N.I.” 10/3/39).—10 skeins “Totem” wool, two No. 8 and No. 10 needles.

Front.—Cast on 96 sts on No. 10 and knit in rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 8 and increase to 120 sts. Knit in stocking-st or moss-st till work measures 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Armholes.—Cast off 8 sts at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 1 tog. each end of needle every 2nd row until 90 sts. The Neck.—K 45 sts, leave rest on needle, k 2 tog. at neck edge every 4th row until 32 sts and armhole is 10 ins. Cast off 8 sts at beginning of next 4 rows at armhole edge. Work other sts in the same manner.

Back.—Work same as front up to 90 sts, and work without decreasing until armhole is same as back. Cast off 8 sts at beginning of next 6 rows, then cast off 4 sts at beginning of next 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

Band.—Cast on 10 sts on No. 10 and work in rib. **1st Row**.—K 2 tog., k 7 rib, k twice into last stitch. **2nd Row**.—Rib. Continue the 2 rows for length required around neck, also knit another band for the armholes in the same manner. Cast off.

To Make Up.—Sew up side, shoulder and seams, and sew band around neck and armholes firmly.—“Totcap-sa,” Mile End S.A.

Library Book.

(Continued from page 7.)

men was.” She did not know that she held with it. She had seen quite a lot downstairs, and knew that Miss Lina wasn't none too happy. Miss Lina had been left without much money and had been frightened. When her rich aunt had died, she had left the wrong sort of will. Miss Lina had been brought up by her aunt with the distinct understanding that when Aunt Emma went to the fairer regions of which she was so sure, she would be leaving all she had got to her niece.

Then when it came to it, a couple of months before Aunt Emma's demise, the two of them had had a tiff. It had been all about some stupid thing which was quite matterless, but Aunt Emma had got out the brougham and had driven round to the lawyers and had made a fresh will. And the fresh will left everything to a deserving charity, which incidentally was not half so deserving as poor Miss Lina.

Left without one farthing, Miss Lina had stared in horror about her. She was trained for nothing. She had nowhere to go; she felt dreadfully young and helpless about it all. The maid had always been hoping that she would turn to that nice Mr. Andrews from up the road, who was very obviously keen on Miss Lina, although her aunt had said it was her money that he was after. But she hadn't turned. It had been Mr. Waters who had won her. Mr. Waters was the lawyer in the affair, and he was a widower with a handsome watch-chain and an eye for a pretty girl. The whole thing was being bustled through. In vain had that nice Mr. Andrews come to call; Mr. Waters had sent him away. The maid didn't believe that dear Miss Lina had had time to think what she was doing, and now when it came to jumping the last hurdle, she was frightened stiff.



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Too late now, thought Annie, what with the wedding dress hanging in the cupboard and the cake being made, and the wreath almost on.

"You read that nice book," she suggested; "maybe you'll feel better then."

Lina snuggled down in bed with the book, feeling desperately ill. Not only mentally ill. She was hot and cold. She felt sick, and her throat was sore. You would not have believed that sheer funk could make you go all goofy like this! She wished she had seen Jack Andrews. She wished she had someone, just one person, to fly to. Life is so dreadful when you are alone.

She read the book a little, dozed a little, felt a good deal worse, and dozed some more. When she woke up she found her chest flushed scarlet.

"I am ill," she exclaimed; "there is something definitely the matter with me."

"Scarlet fever," said the doctor when he came round. "The sanatorium for you."

The little maid made it her personal business to see that Mr. Andrews heard about it. And that he knew where dear Miss Lina had gone. She'd have time to think things over now: six weeks in which to contemplate the future and realise that there were other men in it. The little maid put away the wedding finery.

"She won't be wanting these," she told the cook: "leastways not for that there Mr. Waters."

Then she found the library book.

"Better send it back and say nothing," she said. "I'll give it a good shake in the air. That'll be all right."

She sent it back.

THE mother of the family did not know why she had got the book out of the library, because it was certain that she would never have time to read it. That was why it lay about the house such an age before she could get at it, so to speak. Well, who could help that? Ever since she had married, life had been in this flat spin of work. She had had the babies too quickly. First there had come Susan, who was five, then Dicky, who was four, and eighteen months later the twins. Twins of all things. Pip and Pop were still in the tumbling, toddling stage, and they could not afford a maid any more because Jim's salary had been cut. Things were really very difficult.

Once Alice and Jim had been desperately and madly in love. They had wandered out on to the common on moonlit nights and had sat there on the one seat, with the honey scent of the gorse about them and the yellow eyes of stars pricking through the darkness of the poplar trees. There had been time then for all manner of romantic sweetnesses.

Those had been precious moments, but all the while they had believed that the greatest sweetnesses lay ahead. The ecstasy of marriage, of being one another's forever. Then they had married and life had flown into one big, enormous hustle. There was

not time for anything. Jim came tired out and there was always something to be done in the house. Not an idle moment. The children to be seen to, the meals to be cooked, darning to be done. One thing after another. There were all manner of little odd jobs always creeping up on her.

When Jim got that managership it would be different, and at the moment it seemed to be in sight. Then perhaps they could get a maid. They could manage things on a new scale. And every hour, of course, the babies were growing up, thank goodness. It did seem frightful to be counting the days to the time when they were old enough to be responsible and to lose the loveliness of their happy baby hours, but she could not help it.

Jim got his managership. It was almost unbelievable. It was something that she just could not grasp. It had to be capped, of course, by Susan and Dicky turning fretful. Funny little things! You could not put it down to their teeth, as you attributed everything with the twins to that source.

In the morning they looked flushed, and the thermometer showed them soaring into the hundreds. The twins were hurried down and away to breakfast. The doctor was sent for. "Eaten too much, I expect," said Jim as he departed for the office.

The doctor came an hour later and said it was scarlet fever. As the house was an isolated one they could nurse it at home, but it all seemed to be very odd. Where could they have got it from?

Naturally Alice had no idea. She never thought of the neglected book, which really she must return or pay a fortune on it.

When Jim returned that night, he returned to quarantine. Carbolic sheets were up. The whole house would be

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It is surprising how quickly many sufferers relieve nagging backache once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be clogged kidneys.

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If your kidneys don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous, causing nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. It may lay you up for many months.

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self-centred for the next six weeks, and he could not go to and fro to the office.

Alice stared at him in dismay. "It never rains but it pours," she gasped, "what shall we do?"

He came closer to her. "My darling, don't you see it may be one of the loveliest things that ever happened? Quite easily it may be. We shall have six blessed weeks of freedom to be with one another. I can help run the house. The kids are not seriously ill. We've got time at last."

"Like another honeymoon."

"Like another honeymoon," he agreed, and took her laughing and crying into his arms.

Sometimes things work for the best.

THE library book was baked that time. After all, as Alice said, you could not possibly return that to the library without making sure. Why, it could do untold damage, and never for a moment did she suspect it in her own particular case.

The book was taken out by a young man on leave from Nigeria. He did not know many people in London, and leave was always a bit sickening. It took you three weeks to catch up with the new pace set by London, another three weeks to live it, three weeks to recoup your finances in the country, and then the rest of the time to get your things together for the return to the land beyond the seas.

He went into the library and asked the librarian to recommend a book.

"We have a very good account of this one," she said, bringing out the book of books. He looked at her again. It must be a pretty sickening game standing here all day, trying to choose the right book for the right person. Very sickening. He said so. She laughed at that. She was used to it, she said, and she didn't suppose that it was worse than any other job that came along. All of them had their weak points when you came to consider them.

She was an orphan and her father had been fond of books; he had been a clergyman in Dorsetshire, she explained, so she had come to this job quite naturally. Yes, she did get tired at times, and when she got back to the suburban bed-sitter she just flopped into a chair and spent the evenings that way.

He thought it was a bit steep for her. She was pretty. She had nice hands. She dressed badly, probably from lack of money, but she was the kind of girl who reminded him of his mother. He went away with the book in his hand and a feeling of pity in his heart.

That leave things started happening. He met a blonde. She was the kind of girl who did not remind him of his mother. The blonde ran him to death, until suddenly he found that leave was petering out and he had not done anything about his new kit, and there was precious little time. Finances were petering out, too. At the last moment he asked the blonde to



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come out to his outpost-of-empire hut, but she said, "No, thank you." She liked a home with all the modern conveniences. She had never been really outpost-of-empire at heart, only men on leave could give you such a good time, it was always worth while being nice to them.

The young man started back for Nigeria with a sick heart and a foaming hatred of blondes. Never, never, said he, had a true heart been let down so badly. When he got to the first port he found that (quite inadvertently) he had brought the library book away with him.

"Oh, darn," said he, and then consolingly, "It's a bit late in the day now. I'll return it next year if I think of it." And thought no more about it.

The year went round slowly because the lonely outpost was disturbed by thoughts of the blonde who might have been so entertaining in solitude. In romantic moments he took to cultivating a bit of a garden outside. A convolvulus twined its way about a rough north-western wall like stars against the dun-coloured earth.

A YEAR later he went back to London once more, and this time he was not so keen on making blonde friends who pursued you while the going was good, and hastily had business elsewhere the moment there was a chance of the leave and the money petering out.

His servant put the book in his trunk. He found it on the voyage, and for want of something better to do (it

was a very dull passenger list) he read it. It was a homely and enchanting book, but it made the thought of solitude in the wilds of Nigeria a good deal worse than it had been before. Strangely enough it reminded him of the simple little librarian whose father had been a clergyman in Dorsetshire. "Ye gods," said he, "my pinching that book may be the means of losing her her job." So he hastily went round with it, the moment he got to London.

She wasn't there.

Another girl was there, the type you could only call a "person." She had a stiff, mannish collar and an eye-glass. She did not know where Miss Tessa Farne was these days. She used to lodge at 126 Wembley Road, but she had had difficulty in getting a job. You see, said the person, she wasn't properly trained, and it was urgent that a librarian should have a proper training. She set the eye-glass to rights.

The young man went to Wembley Road, and found that Miss Farne had left for 36 Acacia Avenue. Acacia Avenue was even more seedy than the Wembley Road, and even then Miss Farne had moved on to 145 London Terrace.

He found her there.

"She'll be back in a moment," said the frowsy landlady; "she has just got a job in the twopenny libraries. If you wouldn't mind waiting."

He went into her little room, such a poor little room, and he waited. When she came in she looked tired, a good deal thinner, and her clothes

were shabbier than ever. It quite hurt him to see them.

He said: "Look here, you don't remember me—"

But she cut him short. "Oh, yes, I do. You had that book called 'Simplicity.'"

"I know. I pinched it. It's awful of me, but . . ." then somehow he could not go on talking books. "What about coming out and having a spot of supper with me?" he asked.

He knew she would not say no.

Blue Mountain Menace.

(Continued from page 3.)

ing from the cells and the cottages nearby remained dark and silent.

Once in the scrub he knew he was comparatively safe and he swung in a wide circle towards the back of Vane's orchard. Soon he heard the whinny of a horse and in the shadow of a huge gum he saw the movement of dark forms. He moved towards them and heard his name called softly. A slim figure moved into the moonlight and he gasped suddenly.

"You, Sally?" he ejaculated. "What on earth are—"

She broke in swiftly. "Yes, it's me." Her voice was shaking slightly. "I've brought a horse for you. There's—"

"But—"

"There's no time for talking. There's shot and powder in your saddle-bag and a little food."

He caught her gently by the shoulder. "Sally, I'll never forget you for this. I—"

She shook his hand off irritably. "I—I don't want to be remembered." There was a little sob in her voice. "Keep your remembrances for your—your wife."

"My wife! I—"

SUDDENLY a harsh voice behind them snarled. "Don't move—either of you—or I'll fire."

Sally and Cutler stood as if suddenly frozen.

The voice behind them continued: "All right. Silas, truss 'em up."

Cutler heard steps behind him and felt his hands gripped. A piece of cord was twisted around his wrists and then his captor moved over to the girl and within a moment her hands, too, were tied behind her back.

From the scrub came the sound of scrambling feet and a hoarse voice chuckled: "Got 'em, eh?"

Sally broke the silence. "Reichers! It's you!"

Reichers grinned gloatingly. "Course it's me. You didn't think I would let you break the law, did you? When I saw you riding down the road in the moonlight and leading a spare horse I thought you was up to something. So my friend and me just came along to see what it was."

Cutler grunted angrily. "Well, you got me. There's no need to drag Sally into it. I won't mention that

[See overleaf.]



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she was here and I'm sure that Sally won't. You can just turn me over and forget about her."

"Turn you over? Tut-tut, man. We're no pimps, are we, Silas?"

Silas grunted non-committally. "Well, untie Sally then," Cutler snapped.

Reichers chuckled evilly. "What's the hurry, man. We've rescued you, haven't we?"

"What's all this damned nonsense?" Cutler demanded hotly. "Untie Sally."

Reichers ignored him. "We'd better be moving, eh, Silas."

He turned to Cutler. "Get on that horse," he snarled.

"I'll be hanged if I will," Cutler snapped back.

Reichers jammed his pistol into Silas's ribs. "Get on that horse."

Cutler shrugged bitterly and mounted.

Reichers turned to Sally. "Now, you," he snapped.

Sally's chin went up and a spot of colour blazed on each cheek. "I won't."

Reichers guffawed, and, seizing the girl in his arms, flung her into the saddle. "Want me to tie you in?" he grunted.

"Better go quietly, Sally," advised Cutler softly. He turned to Reichers. "I'll kill you for that, Reichers."

Once more Reichers laughed as though at some hidden joke. "You'll kill me, eh?"

With quick movements Silas tied a lead to both horses and then led two more horses from the scrub. Both men mounted and with Silas leading the two led horses, they started off. Reichers followed them about five yards behind.

All through the night they rode, up the side of the mountains, along tracks where the horses had to scramble for foothold. More than once Sally felt herself slipping, but she gripped her teeth and clung desperately to the saddle. It was useless

to talk. Reichers was riding too close for her to speak to Cutler without being overheard.

Even when the morning dawned the quartette rode on. Up and over the ridge until the long, white road that led back to Sydney could be seen shining like a ribbon in the morning sun. Here Reichers called a halt.

He dismounted and walked to the edge of the cliff and stared intently down at the road. Away in the distance a black speck crawled slowly along. He turned and walked briskly back to the others.

He grinned at Cutler. "The mail coach is coming up the pass, Cutler, and you're going to hold it up."

"Don't be a fool, Reichers," Cutler snapped.

Reichers burst into raucous laughter. "There'll be all the passengers on the coach to swear to it."

He reached over and snatched Cutler's hat from his head. Then from his pocket he drew a large black handkerchief and tied it round the lower portion of his face.

"You won't get away with this," snapped Cutler again. "What makes you think I'll keep my mouth shut?"

Reichers went into almost convulsive laughter. Even Silas grinned evilly.

"Supposing our friend has an—er—accident and both he and his horse slip over the cliff and when his body is found his hat is along side of it and his mask is still around his neck, eh? Just suppose that, eh, Silas."

Sally's face whitened. "But, please, Mr. Reichers. You—you wouldn't do that? Ted—Mr. Cutler won't say anything, will you?" She turned to Cutler pleadingly. "You wouldn't tell, would you?"

Cutler looked at Reichers and saw in his grinning sneer that pleading was useless. Still he had to make a last desperate effort for Sally's sake.

"Sally—you'll let her go?" he said slowly, well realising the futility of his request.

In Reichers' grinning face Cutler read his answer.

"Sally won't—er—have an accident," Reichers gloated and then paused. "—not yet." He turned to the impassive Silas. "Better take 'em away. I'll be back in about an hour or so."

Silas gave a tug on the lead and moved his horse off. Cutler's heart leapt with a new hope. If Silas was in front there was a chance—slight—but a chance. And then he heard Reichers yell. "Let them ride in front of you, you fool."

Cutler's heart sank again as Silas swung his horse and let them ride in front of him.

THE track along which they rode was narrow and the branches stung their unprotected faces. It was useless to hope, Cutler had almost decided, for if by any chance he did get his hands free, he was unarmed and Silas had a pistol. He would never have a chance of reaching ■

weapon before he was shot down. Even a club would be better than nothing, but—

Then he saw it. A young gum tree at the bend of the track had thrown out a branch across the path. The limb, broken off some time previously, had grown a bunch of twigs at the end. Gradually he slowed his horse until Silas was almost on him. Sally rode under the branch, and then he followed. He heard Silas laugh brutally as his face came in contact with the twigs, but his heart gave a bound as his shoulder pressed against the supple limb. His horse moved slowly on and he felt the limb bend like a bow. Then, when he could stand the pressure no longer, he moved sharply to one side and the limb shot back to its original position.

Ted heard a startled, choked yell and turning round, saw Silas slipping from the saddle, his nose a red blotch on his face. The branch had acted like a springy club and had swept him from the saddle.

Kicking his feet from the stirrups Ted rolled out of the saddle on to the ground. He saw Sally fall a moment later, but time was too short for him to go to her assistance. Silas lay quite still and Ted flung himself across his body. His teeth sought for and caught the handle of the bowie knife in the sheath at Silas's side. He tugged and the knife came away.

Silas still lay silent and still.

Ted looked for Sally and found she was at his elbow. "Can—can you put this knife in your teeth and cut through these cords?" he gasped.

"I'll try," she said bravely.

Three times the knife slipped from her teeth. One cord had been severed, but the blood was flowing freely from Ted's wrists as the razor-edged knife cut into the flesh.

Silas was stirring and there was more cutting to do.

"Hurry," whispered Ted.

With the knife in her teeth, Sally could not answer, but Ted felt the more rapid movement of the knife as she strove desperately to release Ted before their captor regained consciousness.

Silas groaned and attempted to move into a sitting position.

"There's no other way," snapped Ted. "Wait a moment."

He rose to his feet, measured the distance carefully, then he kicked Silas neatly and carefully on the point of the jaw.

Silas slumped back and lay still.

Once more Sally sawed desperately at the cords and a few moments later she felt the last of them give. Ted, with fingers so numb as to be almost dead, picked up the knife and fumblingly cut the cords that encircled Sally's wrists.

Silas was stirring again. Ted knotted the cut cords together, and, turning Silas over, tied his wrists together. Then he drew the pistol from his belt. Gradually Silas came to life, his beady eyes blinking malevolently.

Sally caught Ted's sleeve. "What are you going to do?"

Ted's chin was thrust forward and his lips compressed tightly. "Make this animal talk." He turned to Silas. "Where is Reichers going to stop the coach?"

Silas shook his head sullenly. Ted drew the pistol from his belt, and, ignoring Sally's pleading protest, cocked it and forced it against Silas' temple. "Where?" he snarled.

Silas' eyes flickered. "Collin's Bend," he grunted.

Ted drew a deep breath. He knew Collin's Bend. A double twist in the road that clung to the cliff face. A danger spot where misjudgment on the part of the driver could send the coach hurtling down the precipice.

He turned swiftly to Sally. "I must ride to Collin's Bend." He turned to Silas. "Will you watch him?"

Sally's face whitened. "Stay here! Couldn't you—" she hesitated.

"The coach carries the pay for the soldiers at the Stockade. If I can reach Reichers in time I think I can prove I wasn't responsible for the last hold-up."

"I'll—I'll wait," said Sally bravely.

Ted nodded and without further words leapt into the saddle and in a moment was out of sight along the twisting track.

WHEN he reached the peak where

Reichers had left them, he saw that the coach was within a mile of Collin's Bend. He drove his heels into the horse's side and clattered down the slope. He knew that the coach would reach the bend before him, but he prayed that he would reach it before Reichers had completed his work.

When he burst through the scrub and reached the roadway he was still half a mile from the bend. Once more he drove his heels home and urged the horse to the limit of its speed. Eventually he rounded the bend and pulled up short.

A hundred feet away the coach had stopped. A still figure lay beside a musket in the dust of the road—an ominous patch of red was speeding beneath it. A little group of half-a-dozen passengers were bunched together at the side of the road—a crinolined matron and her dishevelled daughter, a red-faced angry Captain of the 45th, tugging furiously at his moustache and three other white-faced, frightened men.

Cutler took in the scene in an instant. Before the group stood a masked figure, his pistol pointed menacingly.

At the sound of the clattering hoofs the masked man stepped closer to his horse and drew another pistol. With the one he covered the cowering passengers while with the other he attempted to cover the advancing horseman.

Ted realised the other's predicament. Although Reichers had his victims covered he could not turn to meet his new adversary without losing his control over his prisoners.

NURSE WHO BEGAN TO GET FAT

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But Reichers saw his disadvantage and he suddenly leapt into the saddle and swung his horse round to the other side of the group of passengers. Now he had all his enemies in front of him.

Cutler continued his steady advance. He knew that once he fired he would be practically unarmed. He was close to the coach now and at his feet lay the still figure in the dust. Suddenly he saw the gun alongside the body. Almost without thinking he swung out of the saddle, gripped the gun and rolled to the side of the coach. Here he was protected from Reichers' pistols.

Reichers, too, knew that the tables were turned, and, spurring his horse forward, he fired at the prone figure beside the coach. Ted raised his gun and fired. Still Reichers came on—his second pistol blazed and Ted felt a sharp, burning pain in his shoulder—he half raised himself—a red mist floated before his eyes—vaguely he saw a pawing horse—painfully he raised his pistol—half fell again, then stubbornly he sighted at the black mass before him and fired. He heard a horse scream, a sudden terrified yell and then blackness descended.

THE next thing he experienced was a sharp, stinging pain in his throat. An arm encircled his shoulders and lifted his head. His shoulder was on fire. Wearily he opened his eyes. Above him he could see the white cross-belts on the scarlet coat of the Captain.

"Reichers—did he?" he mumbled. "His horse went over the cliff and he went with it," he heard someone say.

Someone was cutting away the cloth from his shoulder. Slowly his head cleared.

"Sally," he whispered. Then he sat bolt upright. "Where's my horse?" he demanded.

"Wait a moment," the crinolined matron was speaking. "This shoulder must be fixed." She turned and spoke to her daughter.

The young lady blushed and turned away. There was a sound of tearing linen and when she turned back there was a long strip of petticoat in her hand. The older woman took it from her with a curt word of thanks and bound it round the wounded shoulder.

"There you are, young man," she said, "that'll do till we reach Hartley."

Cutler mumbled his thanks and got unsteadily to his feet.

"Hey. Where are you going?" demanded the Captain.

Briefly Ted explained.

"Then I'm going with you," the Captain said emphatically. "You're in no condition to go alone."

And despite Ted's protests he did accompany him, walking at the horse's head. When they eventually reached the spot where Sally had been left, she ran out to meet them. On the ground beside a tree, Silas lay glaring at them.

Ted dismounted stiffly. The Captain strode forward and hauled Silas to his feet.

Sally looked at Ted and her face blanched. "You've—you've been hurt," she choked.

"It's not very serious," he assured her.

The Captain pushed Silas over to them. His face was grim. "We'll take him back to the coach."

Ted essayed a smile. "You can take him back—we'll follow more slowly."

The Captain looked first at Ted and then across at Sally. His red face creased in a knowing grin. "I'll take him back," he chuckled.

He mounted one of the horses and rode off. Silas shambled along at the horse's heels.

When they were out of earshot Ted turned to Sally. Events have moved fast," he started.

Sally nodded with face averted.

"I haven't had time to thank you for what you did for me."

Still Sally did not answer.

"Sally, I—" he began again.

She interrupted quickly. "Hadn't we better be going to the coach?"

He nodded glumly.

As they rode down the path he puzzled over her attitude. Suddenly he reined in his horse. "Sally," he said, "I must know something. Do you—could you—"

Sally eyed him coldly. "Was Mrs. Cutler well when you saw her last?"

Ted's face showed his amazement. "Mrs. Cutler! There isn't any Mrs. Cutler."

"But Reichers said—"

"So that accounts for it. No, Sally, there isn't any Mrs. Cutler. At least, not yet. I was going to ask—"

And then somehow Sally was very close to him and her arm was around his neck and her eyes, strangely wet, were shining brightly.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

Miss Beryl Beazley, R.D. Kohu Kohu, Hokiang, N.Z., would like pen friends, 18 to 21 years, boys and girls living in Australia and New Zealand, also Overseas. General interests. All letters answered. Snap if possible.

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A crowd assembled at the scene of the fire. The policemen moved them on, but one member refused to go.

"Why should that man stop?" he said, pointing to a man who was watching the conflagration with great interest, "and I move on?"

The policeman smiled. "Well," he said, "it's his fire."

When Betty Came Back.

(Continued from page 5.)

"Dearest, we didn't expect you," she said mechanically, after making the necessary introduction and marvelling idly, that one went on living and speaking, and moving, when one's world was as dead as yesterday's ashes on the hearth.

There was young laughter about the garden; birds stirred in the bushes where so long they had been left undisturbed, the dog barked eagerly—everywhere was life, movement, excitement, because Betty had come back.

"I couldn't stay away any longer, Aunt Harriet," Betty was explaining eagerly. "I could only think of you, here on your own, and I wanted to be with you."

"I want to work for you," she went on happily, "to help you now you're—well, not so young as you were. Oh, darling, I'll work so hard to try and pay back one hundredth part of what you—"

But Harriet couldn't listen. They thought her old! And she was old, pitifully old compared with that radiant youth, that young girl with life stretching out before her, welcoming her with open arms.

And John, being a man, could tread those sunny roads again with her. It wasn't fair! Men were given a second chance—in the shape of young women who would lead them gaily back along the enchanted paths of youth. They saw the lovely roads all over again, through the eyes of a young wife.

There, it was out. Wife! Oh, but it was madness, thinking that just because Betty had smiled at John, and John couldn't take his eyes off her radiant face, he would want to marry Betty! Absurd, ridiculous—but possible. Ah, yes, possible!

"Darling, you're so quiet," cried Betty suddenly, breaking off in the midst of her tale. "You are pleased to see me back, aren't you?"

Harriet managed a quick smile, for them both.

"You stay and talk to John, while I go and finish my cooking," she told the girl quickly. "He will tell you all about his accident, his work, and everything."

"Yes, everything," she thought dully, in the hot little kitchen. "All the lovely, ordinary, precious things we have talked about, he will talk about with Betty. And he will see her eyes excited, glowing, interested—will hear her quick, eager voice—"

Suddenly, almost as if her knees could no longer hold her, Harriet sank to her knees.

"Not again!" she prayed, through pale lips. "Oh, not again! I was brave last time, but I'm older now, I'm not brave any more—please!"

THE days of John's convalescence slipped quietly away. Harriet, busy in the little cottage, would watch Betty flitting like a butterfly about

the garden, waiting until she could go and fetch John."

For John, two days ago, had managed to walk a few steps with the aid of a stick, and had at once insisted on getting lodgings down the road, so as to give Harriet a rest.

"You're tired," he had told her quietly. "I cannot stay here and watch you working for me any longer. You have been so good to me, Harriet."

"You wouldn't say that to Betty," she thought dully, watching him go, a tall, broad figure in the sunlight. "You wouldn't have to wonder if she was tired. She's young, and lovely."

Day after day they went off together, sometimes John leaning laughingly on Betty's strong arm, sometimes in the yellow car that had now been repaired.

"He's so dear," Betty whispered to Harriet one night. "Oh, darling. I'm so happy! Everything is going to be beautiful, isn't it?"

It was the old story over again.

"We are going to be married, Harriet," that other voice had said, and what had she replied? "Of course, of course."

"Of course," she said now, without thinking.

Late one evening, as Harriet bent over a little clump of pansies, trying to coax them into more vigorous growth, she felt John near her.

"Harriet," he said, his voice soft and gentle, "why do you work so hard? I seem never to see you now. And there is something I want to talk to you about."

It had to come. Better to face this, anything, than to kneel down on the damp earth, poking stupidly at flowers she could no longer see. She got up, and went to the little wooden seat beside the path.

"You can tell me," she said quietly. "It's about Betty?"

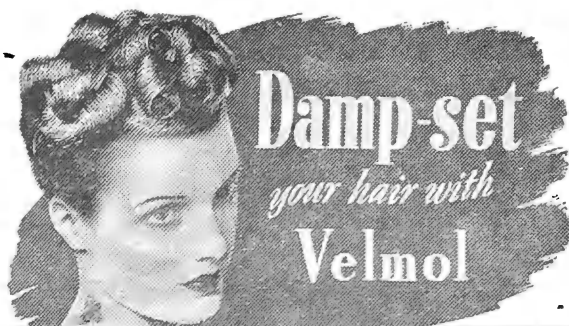
She saw him start, saw the quick pleasure in his eyes.

"Why, how did you guess?" he asked, pleased. "Yes, it's about Betty. Oh, Harriet—what a lovely child she is! You can't think how much I've grown to love her these last few weeks." He caught her hands in his.

"Harriet, darling," he said eagerly, "we've made such plans, Betty and I. She wants to have a little shop. Apparently, she's always wanted to be a dressmaker, like you, but in the nearest town. I've promised to lend her enough money to start with. She'll make good, I know, Harriet. She's such a fine girl. She was afraid it was useless, because she couldn't bear to leave you alone. But now I'm here, everything's going to be all right for her."

"But when she's married?" Harriet managed to say through stiff lips. "She won't want a shop then?"

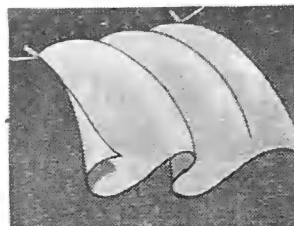
She felt his hands tighten on hers. "Married—Betty?" he repeated. "But, Harriet, she's only seventeen, and I've looked forward to having her as a daughter. Besides, she's only a child still." [See overleaf.



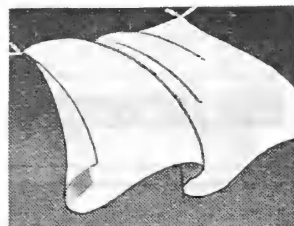
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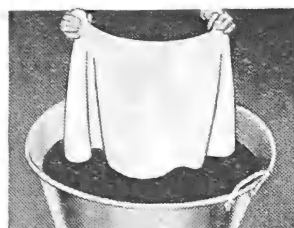
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"But she isn't your chilo, John," Harriet explained gently, "she's mine. You see," she went on, "I couldn't give her up to anybody, because she's all I've got. Of course, if she wants to marry—"

He was staring at her, blankly.

"But, my dear," he said tenderly, "after we're married she'll be mine as well, won't she? She already loves me as the father she has always wanted. Harriet, what has come over you? You've been so strange, ever since Betty came home. Harriet!"—there was quick fear in his voice—"you are going to marry me, aren't you? I love you so much, I couldn't bear it if—"

She looked at him then, wide-eyed and tremulous.

"Marry you, John?" she repeated, like a child repeating a difficult question. "But you never asked me!"

He laughed softly.

"Did I have to?" he teased her gently. "I knew I loved you the first time I awakened to find you watching me with those big, serious eyes of yours, Harriet. Surely you must have known that? And presently, as I watched, I saw the reflection of my love in your eyes, darling. It seemed almost unnecessary to speak of love between you and me. It seemed so sweet, so natural, so quiet-flowing and lovely—like this little old village. Let us stay here, always, Harriet, shall we? It's not far to the town, and we could be so happy here."

Her head was resting on his shoulder, resting after the turmoil and doubts that had wracked it, wrapped in unbelievable peace and serenity.

She looked up at the old grey walls of the cottage—walls that had sheltered her first, tremulous love—walls that had seen and known the shattering of her first happiness—walls that witnessed, now, the sweet fulfilment of her love.

"Yes," she said quietly, with all her love and faith in her eyes. "Yes, John, we could be very happy here."

"Are black cats really lucky?"

"Well, they're not so liable to get hit on a dark night."

Meeting the local doctor, Brown inquired: "And how is the lawyer going on, doctor?"

"Poor fellow," returned the medico, with a shake of his head, "he's lying at death's door."

"There's grit for you," commented Brown, "at death's door—and still lying."

It was at a New Year party. Gladys, aged thirty and a bit, suddenly left the whist table, accompanied by an admiring suitor. Rushing up to her mother, she cried, "Oh, mother, I've won the booby!"

"Well, dear," exclaimed her mother, beaming, "come and let me kiss both of you!"

The Camera Clue.

(Continued from page 9.)

With his chair swung back against the wall and heels dangling, he glanced up from his magazine as Murdock entered, took one look at his chief's sombre face and went quickly back to his reading. Murdock put down his plate-case and camera. When he had shuffled through his assignment baskets to make sure there was nothing that needed immediate attention, he pushed back his hat, opened the plate-case, and took out the holders with the three exposed plates.

Slipping into his desk chair, he stared at these holders while wrinkles grew over the bridge of his nose, and his thoughts checked on the things he had done in the past half-hour. He was still sitting there staring when the door opened violently and Carl Van Husan, city editor of the "Morning Courier," barged into the room.

A tall, rather gaunt man of forty or so, with hat-rack shoulders and a bony face, Van Husan had jammed a battered hat on his sandy-haired head, and he began to speak as Murdock swivelled in his chair.

"I want a camera," Van Husan said bluntly, "and plenty of plates."

Murdock sat up and said: "Grady," "Not Grady, you," Van Husan said. "If this lead is good enough for me to go out on personally, it's good enough for you. . . . Well?"

Murdock swung out of his chair. He put some fresh plates in his case, strapped it up, and because he had been in the business long enough to sense that something important had broken, he didn't ask questions.

"Okay," he said. To Grady: "Stick around."

"Yeah," Van Husan added. "And if any more cameras come in, tell 'em to wait. I'll call you back."

MURDOCK did not speak to Van Husan until they were in a taxi; but when the city editor gave the driver the Newhall Street address he had just left, Murdock felt an odd tension in his nerves and he said casually:

"Well, are you going to let me in on this?"

"I got a tip," Van Husan's voice no longer carried a snap. It was deliberate, thoughtful. "And I'm going out on it myself because it concerns

us—the 'Courier-Herald.' If my tip is right, one of our own men has been shot—Jerry Carter."

Murdock sat very still while Van Husan went on.

"And there's another reason why I'm going out on this myself. I was talking to Carter about an hour ago. That's how I happened to be down so early. I stopped in to make him re-write some stuff. His column's been pretty sloppy lately and the old man's been riding me about it."

"Have the police got it yet?" Murdock asked woodenly.

"I called Bacon at headquarters. He doesn't know the story, but he's meeting us in front of Carter's building."

"Where'd you get the tip? What're you going to tell Bacon?"

"Tell him nothing. I'll tell him it was a telephone tip and I've got to protect my sources. As a matter of fact I haven't got any to protect. All I know is that some dame called up, gave me a flash, and hung up before I could question her. Maybe it's a phony. Lord knows we get plenty of 'em."

Van Husan's voice became curiously soft. "And for once," he said, "I hope it is a phony. I hope it is. Because as I was coming out of Carter's office I saw a girl go in."

Murdock felt something tighten up inside him and he held his breath.

"Remember that Pendleton girl that worked for us a while—about three years ago? Dana Pendleton's daughter?"

"You saw her?" Murdock asked huskily.

Van Husan nodded. "And I guess that's the third reason I'm going out on this myself. I'm telling you because I know you can keep your mouth shut, but—" He broke off with a shrug, sank back on the cushions.

Murdock waited a long time before he could trust himself to speak. From the very first he had been afraid of one thing—that someone had seen Nora. Once the police knew of this fact, there was nothing he could do. Lighting a cigarette to conceal his nervousness, he concentrated on keeping his voice level.

"Are you going to tell the police?"

"No, damn it!" Van Husan said. "Not unless I have to. Oh, I know I ought to, but—well, Carter was a staff man, but he was a louse. And that girl was on the staff, too, and she was a darn sweet kid. It would make a swell story for the tabloids, but—I don't want to turn her in. She probably didn't have anything to do with it, and there's no use dragging her into the mess unless we have to. I'll have to tell Bacon I was there; he may put the pressure on me. But if he doesn't, let him find out about the girl himself. It's his job." He turned suddenly. "What do you think?"

Murdock, appearing very thoughtful to hide his emotions, said: "I think it's a good idea. Let's keep it quiet if we can."

"Right," Van Husan said. "Whether she's in it or not, this is going to make one grand story. But just the same I sorta hope the tip's a phony."

LEUTENANT BACON went into Jerry Carter's office with Sergeant Keogh and Van Husan at his

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heels. Murdock lingered in the hall, watching the stairway. When he saw Jack Fenner's head pop out, he jabbed a forefinger towards the street, a pantomimed order to wait outside for him.

Entering the room and stopping beside the partly opened door with his hand on the knob, Murdock began a slow inspection of the interior of the office. Everything was as he remembered it. The position of the body and— His glance froze as Keogh, who had been standing in front of the desk chair, nearly opposite the door, moved idly towards the body. On the floor, heretofore blocked from sight by the Sergeant's thick frame, was a shiny, metallic object.

Murdock's eyes stayed wide and fixed. In that first instant, while he stood immobile and an odd weakness swept through him, he thought that this object, partially obscured by the chair, might be the gun he had missed; then, moving a foot to one side, he saw that the object gleamed yellow and was rectangular in shape.

Bacon, kneeling beside Carter's body, said: "Shut the door."

Murdock closed the door by backing against it. There was a sudden dryness in his throat, and his palms were damp as he forced his eyes from that yellow rectangle of metal until he had finished his inspection of the room.

Van Husan was leaning on the desk, his hands on the telephone, pale-blue eyes impatient. Sergeant Keogh, standing for some seconds beside Bacon and staring down at the body, began to move about the room, saying:

"Boy, what a tip! What a tip! Right in the tucker, too."

Lieutenant Bacon looked up, fixed Van Husan with a frosty stare. "Why," he asked sourly, "didn't you tell us what it was over the phone?"

"What percentage of the tips you get are good ones?" Van Husan countered dryly.

"Practically none of 'em," Keogh answered honestly and somewhat disgustedly.

"Yeah," Van Husan said. "So I tell you and you come down here with the reserves and find it a phony. Then what?"

"We couldn't call out the reserves," Keogh said, still doing the answering.

Bacon shook his head and sighed wearily. "A newspaper guy. What a rumpus this'll make!"

Murdock put down his camera and plate-case. Casually, he began to ease about the room. Keogh, also, began to move back towards the desk.

Van Husan said: "Well, you got your tip. How about it?" As though to force the issue, he lifted the receiver and snapped a number. A few seconds later he said: "Gimme the 'Herald' desk."

"Now, wait!" Bacon said.

"Just a flash," Van Husan promised. "If any afternoon sheet runs this it's going to be the 'Herald' . . . Kello, Tom . . . Van Husan. And don't

say the 'Courier' never gives you a break. Jerry Carter was found shot to death in his office early this afternoon. Yeah. Yes, yes. And it's big enough for both of us. Send down anybody you've got. Murphy, Coleman, Abramson—and get Grady in the studio. If there's any more cameras send 'em."

"It won't do you any good," Bacon grunted.

Van Husan cocked a sardonic eye at the interruption and said: "Be sure about the cameras," before he hung up.

BACON snatched the telephone away from the city editor and in a few clipped sentences started the official wheels turning. Murdock was close to the desk now, but when Bacon hung up he pulled out the chair to sit down. Then Keogh saw the compact.

Murdock identified it as such the same instant Keogh said: "Hey," and stooped to pick up the flat, gold object. All four men studied the compact. On its engine-turned face was a little panel. Engraved there were the initials, N. B. P.

"A dame, huh?" Keogh said. He nodded in approval. "Well, that's one thing you can count on. They always leave something."

Murdock took out his handkerchief to wipe his face, and as he did so, he saw that his hands were trembling. He went to the doorway of the connecting room and leaned against it. When he had lighted a cigarette, he stood there and watched the proceedings with sultry eyes.

He was disgusted with himself for overlooking the compact when he was in the room the first time, and the only explanation he could think of was that he was too intent upon finding the gun to be thorough about anything else. Because of the squat, claw legs of the swivel chair, the compact would not have been visible from many angles. Even Bacon, who had knelt beside the body less than five feet away, had missed seeing it. But that, Murdock told himself resentfully, did not excuse his own carelessness.

"You used to know him pretty well, didn't you?" Bacon asked, turning to Van Husan, who had perched on one corner of the desk on the left side of the room.

"Well enough," Van Husan said. "I used to fight with him about once a week—over the stuff he turned in."

"Why didn't he work at your office?"

Van Husan spread his hands, and his voice got disgusted.

"Columnists like Carter," he said, "aren't newspaper men. He wanted surroundings with more class than we could provide. He did a column on contract. Where he did it was his business—so he said." Van Husan shrugged his hat-rack shoulders. "What he probably wanted was plenty of privacy and no interruptions—in case he had some home-work to do."

Keogh, a thick-bodied man in a nondescript grey suit and black bow tie, continued his search of the office, his eyes alert and his broad forehead folded in a scowl. Walking past Murdock to glance into the front room, he clicked his tongue and said: "Hey, this is all right, huh? Quite a dump."

He strolled over to the cellaret, lifted the top, thereby raising a tray loaded with glasses and decanters. Three of these were partly filled and he picked out the darkest in colour, pulled out the stopper, and sniffed.

"Yeah," he said, his forehead unfolding. "Me, I like rye."

He poured a small drink, tasted it. "Not bad," he announced, sucking his lips and nodding in approval. When he had poured a larger dose and swallowed that, he carried the decanter to the doorway and said: "Who wants a drink?"

Bacon, wrapping the compact in his handkerchief, looked up. His face reddened with a slow rise of colour, and a bad look came in his eyes.

"Put it back," he choked. "Put it back. The Super's liable to be down on this."

"I got gloves," Keogh said and popped one into his mouth, chewing on it as he returned the decanter and closed the cellaret. Passing Murdock on his way out, he grinned and winked. "This wouldn't be too tough to take. . . . Hey, Van, how much do columnists draw down a week, anyway?"

"Not enough for a lay-out like this," Van Husan said sardonically. "Not in Boston, anyway. But a column makes a good front."

MURDOCK knew what Van Husan meant. Jerry Carter, who had appeared on the scene four or five years previous from some place in the West, had been a success, commercially, in many ways. A dapper, dynamic individual, a rapid-fire talker with the breezy jargon of the city always ready on his lips, he had evolved a column of gossip that touched society, night life, the worlds of sport and crime with the staccato pace and punch of the times. At the beginning he may have learned something from Winchell, Hellinger, and Sobol, but he soon fashioned a feature with a flavour of its own.

He knew, at least he led you to believe he knew, debutantes, dowagers, entertainers, gamblers, criminals, elevator boys, and chorus girls. He was on the radio—for a local station—once a week. In the season he tried to cover everything from Cape Ann to Cape Cod. He was a ladies' man, a promoter, a prima donna. As an individual he was out for what he could get, and he was not fussy about his methods or the ethics of his job; but his column pulled circulation and there could be little question of its effectiveness.

"He was overdue, I know that," Keogh said. "He did a lot of popping in that column—and with his mouth. If he wasn't so cocky he ought to've

known it wasn't healthy. There's a lot of tough guys in this town. Plenty would've liked the chance to crack down on him."

Keogh rubbed his chin and considered his statements. "Yeah," he added, after due thought, "and plenty of women, too. He was a louse, grade A. It's only a miracle somebody didn't pull the chill on him before."

Bacon had stepped behind the desk at the right, and in the process of looking through it, had pulled up the top so that a typewriter swung into place. There was a piece of copy already in the machine and when he bent down to read it, Murdock and Keogh moved towards him.

"Things like this," Bacon said, and it was apparent from his tone that he had not liked what he read. The paragraph he pointed to said:

"And we repeat our former tip to Headquarters that Robert Ostrum, the missing cashier of a Hartford finance company, who is believed drowned, might be found right here in town. . . . Hartford papers please copy."

"Just a wise guy," Keogh growled.

Bacon straightened up and stared morosely down at the dead man. Tall, straight-backed, with a smooth-shaven face and thick grey hair, he wore a starched collar and a blue serge suit that was neat and well pressed, but shiny. From a waistcoat pocket he produced a kitchen match, thrust it absently into his mouth, and began to chew on it.

"He was a blackmailer from the word go," he said quietly. "Cagy, but not as cagy as he thought. He got away with it so long he was getting himself out on a limb and the limb was beginning to crack. The D.A.'ll know more about that part. And what he don't know"—he waved a hand at the filing-cabinets—"we can probably get from those. But it looks like a woman this time."

Murdock had moved behind the desk and turned to face the wall. Near the right side of the desk, and in the dark panelling of the wall, he had located two bullet-holes. One had unquestionably been wild, because it was about a foot over his head. But the other, to the left of the first hole, was about chest-high.

"It'll probably take a little more than that compact to prove it, though," Van Husan said dryly.

Bacon glanced over at the city editor, cocked one brow at Murdock, and began pulling out a drawer of one of the metal filing-cabinets.

"It's a start, though," he said patiently. "A start. If I ever get any co-operation from the precinct house and we get a couple men to work with we'll go over the building and find out where we stand. After that—"

Bacon checked the sentence as the door swung open and a slender, hard-eyed man stepped confidently into the room. After his glance had made a

lightning circuit of the interior and its occupants, he closed the door.

Bacon said: "Hello, Jaffe."

Keogh just grunted.

ROY-HOLECARD-JAFFE was a gambler and looked it. About Murdock's height and age, possibly a year or two older, he had a long, narrow face that, while colourless and impassive, was good-looking in a hard, masculine way. Only the unrelenting coldness of his glance served to make him ugly. His clothing was expensive-looking, but too extreme, too form-fitting. He had a thinness of lips that made them appear to be permanently compressed.

For several seconds as he stood there with an unperturbed casualness in his manner, no one spoke. Bacon began to smile a little, but there was no friendliness in his eyes. Keogh's thick brows came down and his jaw took on a threatening angle.

"Looking for something?" Bacon asked flatly.

"Yes," Jaffe said. "Him." His glance touched the body. "Somebody," he added approvingly, "did a nice job."

"Somebody did," Keogh said suspiciously.

That the stocky Sergeant did not like Jaffe was apparent from the change that leaped into his voice. Heretofore he had been among friends and there had been no need to use other than friendly methods in the routine of his work. Now his attitude demonstrated that he recognised in Jaffe one who, if not a major enemy, was definitely out of sympathy with his job and his business. His manner became brusque, aggressive. It was clear that he did not intend to overlook anything, however obvious, when he strode forward and said:

Got a gun?"

"Yeah," Jaffe said, "and a permit to carry it."

• "I want to find some means of giving my next party a happy twist," says a hostess. The only thing we can suggest is a corkscrew.

A German chemist hopes to make synthetic steaks out of wood. Any left over could be used up as chips.

A judge says he is very much afraid that the stability of marriage in this country is weakening bit by bit. Surely he means scrap by scrap?

"The air round us is full of rubbish," we read. The A.B.C. are not entirely to blame, however.

"I'll look
anxiously, yet act
the idea.

While the Sergeant, smelled of it, apart in his exalted thoughts whipped by he had taken of it. At the moment Haze Novak had walked firing, Jaffe had been actually watching them. From Murdock's mind went off another fact directly connected with Jerry Carter.

Until recently Holecard Jr. been the owner of a rather pretentious establishment catering to wire-bugs on horse-races. Jerry Carter had mentioned this establishment in his column several times. At first his inferences were guarded. Later they had become more and more significant. When he had become so bold as to ride the police department about this "Washington Street wire-room," hinting at such a touchy point as protection, there was but one thing for the authorities to do—and they did it with a very spectacular raid.

Everyone in the room knew that Carter was responsible for that raid; everyone knew that Jaffe was out on bail after appealing a rather stiff sentence for his implication. There seemed to be a certain tenseness in the air now, because it was also a well-known fact that Holecord Jaffe was a man who did not enjoy being shoved around.

"Just how," Bacon asked evenly. "did you happen to come now?"

"It's like this," Jaffe said. "My wife has been kind of friendly with Lew Novak—so I've heard. And Novak's got an office on this floor and—"

"Novak!" snorted Keogh. "The snoop? I thought he was down on High Street."

"He was," Jaffe said, "but he's in the dough now. This is a classier neighbourhood."

(To be continued.)

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A member of a totalitarian State visited a friend's house; and while he was there he was introduced to a very large and fine parrot.

After he had talked to the bird and generally made a fuss of it, the parrot suddenly darted its beak out of the cage and pecked him sharply on the nose.

The victim rushed out of the house, the wound streaming with blood. As he was hurrying along the street, with his handkerchief pressed to his nose, he met a friend.

"Hullo! What's happened to you?" asked the latter.

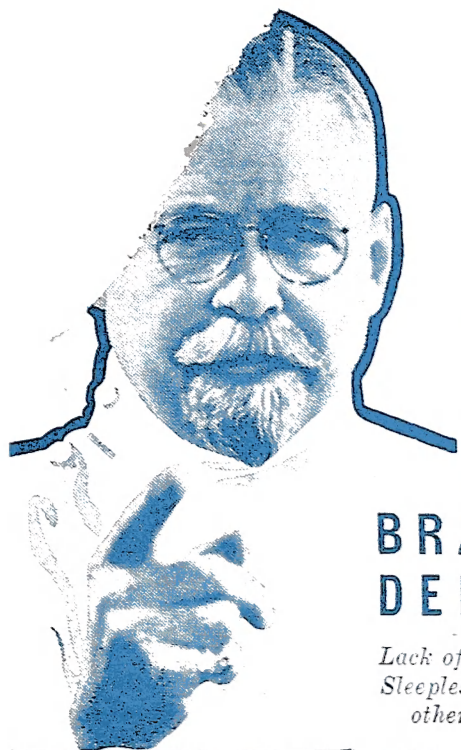
The wounded one answered bitterly: "I've been bitten by a Jew duck!"



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